

THE
YOUNGER BROTHER,

A

T A L E.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON

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THE
YOUNGER BROTHER,

A
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T A L E.

— — — — Shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners. — — —

POPE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author, and sold by F. NEWBERRY, at
the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard.

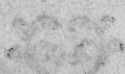
M,DCCLXXII.

THE
YOUNGER BROTHER

T A L E



VOLUME THE SECOND



L O N D O N

Printed for the Author, and sold by T. Newbery, in
the Strand, at the Sign of the Golden Lion.
MDCCLXXXII.

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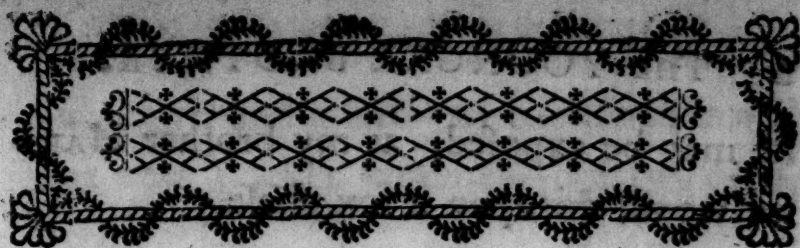
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THE
YOUNGER BROTHER.



CHAP. XV.

Electioneering business continued—My Father's speech to the Burgesses—Mr. Twist's extraordinary demand—A dispute between him and another Mercer amicably settled by the interposition of Dr. Ruby.

WHEN a coxcomb once dips
in ink, there is no end of
his nonsense; onward he
goes, helter skelter, reflect-
ing as little upon the dangers to which
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he may be exposed, as my brother HARRY would do upon a fox-chase.

Hence it is (although I protest solemnly, at first, I intended to comprize my story *in one volume ONLY*) that I have been unwittingly led to adopt the favourite hypothesis of Mr. SMUTT, viz. *to spin out the work to two or three volumes at least.*

I am nevertheless doubtful, however adviseable this scheme may be with regard to *bookselling*, whether it is of equal advantage to an author, who aspires (and that I believe all authors do) at immortality. The more volumes a bookseller vends, and the more money he gains; but the misfortune is, that the more a Garretèer scribbles, and, in general, the less he is read. A lady's curiosity may prompt her to follow a runaway
away

away girl, and a half-pay captain, through one neat pocket volume—but two!—O dreadful!

My purchasers, however, must make the best of a bad bargain; and that they may not be frightened with the apprehension of *three* tedious volumes, I shall immediately resume my narration, being determined to finish the whole in *two*.

Here we go then—stay—where did we leave off?—ho! we left them all drunk at the inn. ———

As the waiter and the landlord were leading my father to bed, it was necessary, as his room was at the farther end of the gallery, to pass by the door of the chamber where Dr. RUBY slept; whether my reverend friend had been taken ill or no, I know not; but the chamber-

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maid had unluckily left her pail and mops in the gang-way, over which, notwithstanding all the warning of his host, my father unfortunately stumbled and broke his shins.

The next morning, however, being Sunday, we received a card from the mayor and his brethren just as we were at breakfast, desiring our attendance at church. "Aye, by the holy poker, (cry'd Sir PHELM) let us make a "grand cavalcade on foot." The motion was seconded by TAGWELL, and RUBY agreed to preach an extempory sermon upon the occasion. But my father, who sat rubbing his leg, happening to recollect that *Ringwood* was lame as well as himself hedged off the agreement, and proposed to send his servant to the mayor and corporation, with a request that they would accompany him to his

his own house, and take a dinner with him there. This was readily agreed to; and in less than half an hour every man of them made his appearance in boots and spurs; leaving the good vicar to spell over the sacred service to a parcel of old maids and charity children.

As soon as we arrived, Aunt BRIDGET met us in the hall, and finding so many worthy friends about her brother, she put on an air of gaiety which was not very usual. We had ridden eight or ten miles, and it was adviseable, to be sure, to take a bit of a whet before dinner; a cloth was therefore immediately laid in the breakfasting parlour, and the company were regaled with cold ham and chickens, and plenty of wine, while my father withdrew to examine poor *Ringwood's* foot.

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It was necessary, however, for Aunt BRIDGET to make some additions to her bill of fare: Farmer BEANFIELD's poultry consequently went to rack, and even TAGWELL, was obliged to forego his tythe pig. My father steeped a piece of brown paper in brandy to assuage the wound upon his shin, and, at the earnest recommendation of Dr. RUBY, administered a good brusher inwardly, to corroborate the intention.

Most of my readers, undoubtedly, have been present at a Corporation Feast, and therefore to tell them that the company all fed well, would be to inform them of what they already know; to *guttle* and *guzzle* like an alderman, is the first and noblest qualification of every competitor for the honours of magistracy; and I will take upon me to say, that the Stationers Company of the City of London,

London, notorious as they are, could not outdo the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgeffes of ———.

When the napkins were all untucked, and the tables once more garnished with wine, punch, pipes, and tobacco, Dr. RUBY was appointed toast-master; and by the time that every gentleman had given his demi-rep, my father found himself in a right condition to harrangue his friends, which he did, as near as I can remember, in the following terms.

“ I’ll tell you what, Gentlemen—per-
 “ haps some of you may think that it is
 “ necessary for me to make you a fine
 “ speech or two, before you chuse me
 “ for your member; and perhaps some
 “ of you too, may think that I cannot
 “ make speeches at all: but I would
 “ have you to know that I can both say

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“ and do.—I will always endeavour to do
“ the best I can for you, towards lessening
“ your taxes, and removing all your
“ grievances. Some of the most oppressive
“ I have already thought upon;
“ and I presume that I have discovered
“ a method of relieving the subject,
“ without diminishing the king’s revenue.

“ For example now,” (continued he, lolling upon his left elbow, and filling his pipe with the fore-finger of his right hand) “ for example, Gentlemen;—the
“ taxes upon Malt, Hops, and Ale, I
“ shall endeavour to remove upon Small-
“ beer;—this will be of singular service
“ to my country, for every body then,
“ even the very poorest, will be enabled
“ to drink stingo; and we shall not see
“ half so many wretches dying of a
“ dropsy.

“ The

“ The tax upon Soap, shall be im-
 “ posed upon our present ministerial
 “ junto; since all must acknowledge
 “ they stand in great need of cleansing
 “ and white-washing.

“ The window-duty shall be discharged
 “ by the long list of wh--s and pimps,
 “ who are pensioned upon the Irish estab-
 “ lishment; and if they should com-
 “ plain, let them stop up their own
 “ lights as fast as they please: they will
 “ find their account in that, because
 “ their trade is best followed in the
 “ dark.

“ The tax upon tallow-candles ought
 “ to be collected from our public re-
 “ ceivers and accomptants in every de-
 “ partment; because then they would
 “ have some argument for keeping their
 “ accounts so long in the dark.

TO THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

“ With regard to the Land-tax—I
“ would humbly propose to address his
“ majesty upon that subject; and who
“ knows but he might be persuaded to
“ give up his forests, chaces, commons,
“ heaths, and waste lands, to be con-
“ verted into farms and grazing grounds;
“ and the rents of these to be appropri-
“ ated to the relief of the landholder.—
“ Zounds, if we could only bring this
“ about, my own estate would be above
“ three hundred a year the better for it!

“ Then as for your Church rates:—
“ why let them all be discharged by the
“ dignified clergy;—don’t they live by
“ the church? and surely, it’s every
“ man’s interest to keep his own estate
“ in repair.

“ The Poors rates too—why, as for
“ the poor, few people trouble their heads
“ about

THE YOUNGER BROTHER. II

“ about them ; yet the wretched devils
“ must eat you know. Mr. SLEIGH,
“ however, informs me, that several re-
“ gulations and amendments might be
“ made to the relief of every parish.
“ But, for my own part, I confess, that
“ I am a friend to every poor man, un-
“ less he be a pocher.

“ In like manner, Gentlemen, I be-
“ lieve expedients may be found, either
“ to annul or remove many other griev-
“ ous impositions, such as the tax upon
“ Salt, Cyder, Mum, Perry, and a
“ long train of *et cæteras*, provided the
“ House of Commons were filled with a
“ body of honest men, blessed with
“ heads and hearts like mine—equally
“ able to contrive and execute. And
“ therefore, Gentlemen, *if I shall have*
“ *the honour of being returned your mem-*
“ *ber to parliament, you may depend upon*

B 6

“ my

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*" my most zealous endeavours in preserving
" your rights and liberties, and faithfully
" discharging the high trust and confidence
" reposed in me to the utmost of my
" abilities."*

This elegant harrangue was received with marks of universal approbation; and the evening would have concluded with the greatest harmony and good humour, had not a quarrel arisen between Mr. Alderman WEAKS, the tallow-chandler, and Mr. Alderman STRAP, the cord-wainer, upon a suspicion that the latter had received more money for his vote and interest than the former; but they were soon reconciled by a declaration from my father, that, " upon his
" honour, no distinction had been, or
" should be made between any gentle-
" men who had the honour of being
" burgeses of the corporation."

This

This protestation greatly alarmed Mr. Twist, a mercer, and mayor for the time being, who insisted upon being paid an additional hundred pounds; because, as he wisely observed, he had the casting vote if it should be necessary. My father saw his interest too clearly to hesitate a moment about the payment of this fresh demand, particularly when he considered that the mayor was the *returning officer*. He therefore took Twist aside, and slipped a bank-note privately into his hand, upon which he promised to return my father duly elected, whether he had a majority of votes or no.

But the rest of this respectable fraternity, suspecting some collusion between my father and the mayor, began to be very clamorous; upon which his worship, after having sily pocketed the note, solemnly declared, that he had given up
his

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his demand, upon my father's engaging to deal always at his shop for the future: he likewise told them, that he had obtained a like promise for each of them respectively; and appealed to the old Gentleman for the truth of his assertion. It happened unfortunately, however, that there was another mercer in company, beside the mayor; and he naturally objected to the agreement, because he was the only person who could be injured by it. The dispute ran high; and as neither of them would be persuaded to compromise the matter by dividing my father's favours between them, RUBY proposed that they should drink for it in half-pint bumpers; and that whoever gave out first, should relinquish his pretensions. In this they both joined issue, and after filling a fresh pipe, went coolly to work, till, in about three hours, TWIST dropped out of his chair,

chair, and victory declared herself in favour of his antagonist.

On Monday morning we all returned in a body to ——— and were not a little surprized on our arrival, to find that Lord COURTLY had joined the interest of Sir T. B. who was recanvassing his friends with double vigour and success, being possessed, through his Lordship's means, of a more powerful argument than we were aware of.

I do not believe there was an individual who feathered his nest so well as my friend EVANS, a little dirty ballad-printer, and retailer of nostrums; his press was perpetually groaning with handbills, squibs, and electioneering songs, which were excellently adapted to excite the passions, and set his majesty's loving subjects together by the ears.

Hail,

Hail PRINTING! thou great bulwark of English freedom, and defence against the encroachments of arbitrary power! By the glorious liberty of the press, a tyrant may be made the father of his people, and a *Stuart* be more revered than a *Brunswick*! a P-tt may become a madman, and a B-te an able statesman! nay, a virtuous * * * * may be rendered pusillanimous and weak, and exhibited to the world as a great boy in leading-strings, or industriously busy in making of buttons. Indeed were this all, thanks to the moderation of the times, nobody would have reason to complain. But the devil of it is, that even RUBY could not take a glass or two too much, Sir PHE-LIM could not blunder on, *selon la mode de son païs*, nor my father kiss the chamber-maid, without their actions being exhibited to the observation of vulgar eyes: Nay, Mr. SLEIGH himself was charged with

with having taken double fees upon more occasions than one, and VELLUM's fair fame was polluted by a report of his having an extraordinary knack at making out a bill of his own, or taxing that of another.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679

Vol. I.

CHAP. I.

OF THE

REIGN OF

KING

CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE

YEAR

1625

THE

REIGN OF

KING

CHARLES THE FIRST



C H A P. XVI.

The Day of Election.

THE poets of antiquity, and particularly VIRGIL, generally describe the dawning of a day upon which an extraordinary affair is to be determined, in such terms as in some measure anticipate the catastrophe: and in imitation of the *Mantuan* bard our English Addison opens the play of *Cato* :

“ The dawn is overcast, the morning low’rs,
 “ And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 “ The great, th’ important day, big with the fate
 “ Of *Cato* and of *Rome*.”

But I, who am the mere reciter of a dull matter of fact, am incapable of any of these poetic graces; and I freely confess, that I hardly know what sort of a morning ushered in the day of election.

Let

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Let it therefore suffice, that the poll-books were opened early in the morning; and long before night my father discovered, that among all his professed and well-paid friends, six only kept their words with him. Nay even the Mayor himself, notwithstanding his engagement on the receipt of the second hundred pounds, could not oppose the dictates of his conscience, but, like an honest man, returned Sir T. B. *duly elected*.

This was a most unexpected shock; we were all at a loss to conceive the reason of so much treachery and deceit; the Baronet, however, was chaired, and carried three times round the market-house, amid the acclamations of all the inhabitants, and while he and my lord COURTLY were conducted to their inn, by a long train of electors, and preceded by the corporation-band, my father, and
his.

This few friends, slunk to the Rose as privately as possible, where we had no sooner entered, than the house was surrounded by a body of butchers, tinkers, and chimney-sweepers, who shewed their condolence by a most moving tune upon marrow-bones and clevers, happily accompanied with kettles, frying-pans, brooms, and brushes.

While the poll was taking, notwithstanding my father found himself so scandalously abandoned by the corporation, yet he could not still give up his hopes from the large body of non-resident freemen, which he impatiently, but in vain, expected to make their appearance along with my Brother HARRY, who, as the reader remembers, was dispatched to London with a thousand guineas for the purpose of procuring votes. However, during this agreeable
 serenade,

serenade, he rode into the inn, unattended by any body. Upon enquiry we found, that he had not been able to engage one individual in our interest; and he insisted, that Lord COURTLY, before his departure from the metropolis, had taken care to keep all the Electors out of the way. “Well, well, HARRY,” (cry’d my father) “it does not signify;—it is all over, and they could be no service now: but I am glad to find that I am a thousand pounds better than I expected.”—A drowning man catches at every twig.—My father deceived himself;—for he afterwards discovered, to his inexpressible mortification, that HARRY, instead of making the best of his way to London, had gone quite cross the country for the sake of being present at the Newmarket meeting, where he had been choused of every shilling of the money.

The

The good gentleman, however, upon the whole, supported himself under his misfortunes with amazing fortitude and resolution, considering that we had not had a morsel within our lips all the day long. We called the Landlord, with an intention of ordering something to eat before we departed; and the reader will judge of our surprize upon being told that there was not a single fowl, nor even a pound of beef steaks, to be procured in the whole town; for my Lord COURTLY had taken care that every thing should be bought up for the accommodation of Sir T. B's friends, and that they had even taken away every drop of wine in our Landlord's cellar, at the ready-money price of two shillings a bottle. This was a dreadful piece of news to Dr. RUBY; but it could not be helped; and we were obliged to put up with a refreshment of bread and cheese, and small beer,

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Although there was no difficulty in accounting for the loss of our election, the host informed us, without any reserve (after the bill was discharged, and we were just ready to depart) that, notwithstanding the burgeses had received such considerable sums from my father, yet, upon Lord COURTLY's arrival, that nobleman had found no difficulty in persuading them, that as they had got all they could expect from the SQUIRE, the best thing they could do, (if they had any regard for their wives and children) would be to take his money likewise, which he promised to pay them before he left the town: And concluded with advising my father, if he should chuse to become a candidate for their borough upon any future occasion, never to part with a shilling till he had taken his seat in Westminster-hall.

Thus

Thus ended this notable transaction, which, (thanks to the good management of SLEIGH and VELLUM) cost my Father only Five thousand One hundred and forty-five Pounds, Sixteen Shillings, and Four-pence Three Farthings.

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C H A P. XVII.

*Containing a circumstance that was likely to
have proved fatal to Dr. Ruby.*

AS soon as the mortification of our family and friends, occasioned by the loss of our election, had subsided, and Dr. RUBY had ceased to drink confusion to the borough of ———, my father held frequent consultations on the best methods of repairing his losses, and refunding the five thousand pounds he had spent in the election, and which he had always intended as part of a dowry for SYLVIA. In one of these debates, RUBY went rather too far; for he proposed a scheme, the bare mention of which I thought would have struck the Old Gentleman dead: It was, that he should immediately get rid of all his horses

C 2.

and

and dogs, and discharge his huntman, whipper-in, and grooms, (nay all the male-servants about the house, except the butler) who, he insisted, cost annually ten times the money that our wine-merchant's bills amounted to. My Father sunk back in his chair, and accidentally broke his pipe; he stared in silent admiration, put the fragment of his pipe softly upon the table, lolled on his left elbow, and stuck the thumb of his right hand through the third button-hole of his coat. Thus he sat with his eyes fixed stedfastly on the floor, unable to utter a word.

The passions display themselves differently in age and youth. HARRY seized a full bottle, and had not TAGWELL interposed, would certainly have flung it at RUBY's head. It was with great difficulty we could pacify his resentment. My Father wept—HARRY swore.—“What”
(quoth

(quoth the old Gentleman, in inarticulate accents) " must I be obliged to sell my
 " dogs in my old age! I would sooner
 " sell the coat on my back!" " Sell your
 " dogs and horses! (replied HARRY)
 " curse on the wretch that suggested the
 " thought! may the scoundrel never more
 " taste game or claret!"---RUBY endeavoured to excuse himself, but all was in vain. He might have drank his gallon of port a-day with a hearty welcome; but he unfortunately touched the sportsmen in the most tender point.

The good man's resentment (for he was naturally generous) in a few days changed to a distant coolness, and that soon after gave way to his wonted convivial turn of mind; but HARRY was long inexorable. RUBY, however, exhibited a master-stroke of policy, which convinced me he was well acquainted

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with the human heart. He surprized us all by appearing the first on horseback every morning the hounds went out, during the remainder of the hunting season; he rode at the hazard of his neck, rather than lose his usual quantum of port, and at night would recount the toils of the day in terms of art; till at length my father once again thought him a very honest fellow, and HARRY would join him with rapture in the song of

The sweet smiling morn calls the sportsmen abroad.

In short, in a few months the peace of the family was entirely restored; and instead of selling his hounds, my father cut down the timber on the estate which he designed to settle upon me.

C H A P.



C H A P. XVIII.

A ridiculous love affair---My Father gives his consent that JACK RACKET shall marry SYLVIA---Sir PHELM thrown out by Miss THORNTON's guardians agreeing upon a match between her and me; and other family circumstances, which it is perhaps neither worth my while to enumerate, nor the Readers to peruse.

THE reader at least need not be entertained with the nonsense of making love; he is already informed that I had a sneaking kindness for Miss THORNTON, and I now discovered that JACK RACKET was strongly attached to my sister SYLVIA.

Parson TAGWELL took us aside one morning, and told us, that he had overheard

heard the young ladies the day before in the garden, in a conversation,* the contents of which, he presumed, would not be disagreeable to our ears. He informed us, that SYLVIA had expressed great happiness in the addresses of RACKETT,—(addresses, quoth I, is it so, JACK ?)—and that Miss THORNTON was not less pleased with my overtures, awkward and unaccountable as they were.—pox take my modesty, a blush betray'd me)—That she upbraided Serjeant SLEIGH, her guardian, for his cruelty, in taking every occasion to compell her, contrary to her own inclination, to give her hand to Sir PHELM O' FARRELL.

RACKETT jumped for joy.—I silently took a turn or two round the room.—

“ I am sorry to be the messenger of disagreeable news,” (quoth TAGWELL.)—
 “ What

“ What the Devil’s the matter now ?
 “ (quoth RACKET.) — “ O heavens !
 “ (cry’d I) Sir PHELM O’ FARRELL !—
 “ What hopes of success can a Younger
 “ Brother have, against a man of fortune,
 “ and a baronet !---I retired to my room,
 “ and, as Shakespeare says,

— — — Shut fair day-light out,
 And *made* myself an artificial night.

My friendly companions, however, would very frequently break in upon me by main force ; yet all their attempts to console me were so many daggers in my heart ; and all their endeavours to divert my distress were impertinent. I found myself soufed over head and ears in love, without the least hopes of ever obtaining the object of my affection.

The rest of the family, and all our visitors, wondered that I secluded myself

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so much ; they observed that I looked thin ; my Aunt BRIDGET thought I was going into a consumption, and fell to making calves feet jellies ; HARRY swore that the disease laid in my head, and that I had got the poll evil ; Dr. RUBY prescribed merry company and good sound old hock , and my father insisted that nothing but hunting and exercise would bring me about again.---

They were mistaken.---SYLVIA took the hint, and found out a remedy.

RACKETT needed little persuasion from her to bring matters to an eclclaircissement. He laid hold of me one day in the gallery ; and after enquiring into my health, upbraided me with the most wanton cruelty towards Miss THORNTON ; that I behaved so extravagantly, as hardly to make a compliment to her when I saw her. This (he said) was cruel to the last degree, since I
knew

knew she had a most tender regard for me,
and lived in daily anxiety on my account.

“ —A tender regard for me ! who ? what ?

“ Has Miss THORNTON a tender regard

“ for me, JACK ?—are you sure she—”

“ Why yes, you fool, and if you had
“ not been blind you might have obser-
“ ved it.”—He bounced down stairs.

“ Hum ! (—quoth I to myself, it may
“ be so.—egad I’ll after him,—Jack,---
“ Jack,---why Jack,---stay and take me
“ with you”—Come along then, you
“ white-liver’d puppy, (quoth he)---the
“ ladies are now in the park, and we’ll
“ join them ;---tho’ you are a pretty devil
“ to introduce to a lady.---a lady that”---
“ Nay, pray JACK, spare thy reproaches”
“ ———Pooh, you shotten herring !”

“ But, Jack, do you really think that
“ Miss THORNTON has a”——

D——n

“ D——n your thinking, resume your
 “ spirit, and be convinced.”

“ But then Sir PHELM, you know.”---

“ Sir PHELM!---I’ve no patience---a
 “ mere heap of powder, pomatum, and
 “ Eau de Luce!---An ignorant rascal!---
 “ he a rival!”

The devil loves mischief—Sir PHELM had already joined them.---RACKETT, however, locked me fast by the elbow ;---if there had been a possibility, I really believe I should have run away.---When we came up with them, and after the common civilities had passed, SYLVIA laughed aloud--Miss THORNTON held down her head, and could not help tittering---I was confused---Sir PHELM took a pinch of snuff; and offering me the box, “*en voulez vous?*” says he.---I did not understand him. --A second laugh succeeded, in which

RACKETT

RACKETT joined heartily.---Sir PHELM stared.---“ Harrah my dear Miss THORNTON what’s the matter, honey ?---Is it me you’re laughing at ?---If it is, joy, I believe I’ll be laughing too.”---Then taking a looking-glass out of his pocket---“ A-hoo ! but ’tis me you are laughing at ; the devil burn my scoundrel (quoth he) what a fright he has been after making of me ; troth he’s not fit to dress a gentleman at all at all : I am quite dishevellé. By my Shoul I’ll be making him dress me over again, so I will.---Gentlemen---Ladies---Your most humble.” It was the cause of fresh mirth that Sir PHELM so readily imagined himself to be the object of their ridicule; while I was perhaps a more ridiculous character than himself.

The field was now clear, RACKETT and SYLVIA walked on, and Miss THORNTON
and

and I loitered behind. A profound silence succeeded on both sides for some time. I happened, however to cast my eyes passionately towards her, and found hers most tenderly fixed on me. I ventured to take her by the hand, and, giving it a gentle squeeze,---O heavens ! shall I reveal it !---she as gently squeezed my hand also.---I was comforted.---“ Madam (said I) may I “ venture to ask you.”---“ Ask me what “ question you please, Sir, provided it be “ not in that dismal tone ;---I vow you’re “ enough to give one the vapours.”---These words were so far from being intended to give me pain, that the utterance of them was accompanied with a most agreeable smile.---But enough of this.

I soon discovered that my suspicions with regard to Sir PHELM were vain and idle ; the dear creature informed me frankly that she had the greatest abhor-

rence

rence of him, and that all the powers upon earth should not compel her to marry him.---My heart leapt for joy; I could not contain myself;---and when RACKETT and SYLVIA rejoined us, they found my tongue running as fast as a french millener's.

Our love affairs were quickly brought to a crisis; we agreed that I should open matters to the old gentleman as far as they related to RACKETT and SYLVIA; and that he should return the compliment, by informing my father of the attachment between me and Miss THORNTON.

I accordingly took the first convenient opportunity of speaking to my father. I acquainted him with RACKETT's family and fortune, and that his compliance would make both the parties compleatly happy.---

“ What do you say?---Give my consent

“ that SYL Shall marry Mr. RACKET!---

“ Why I never knew that he courted her,

not

“ not I ! But, however, if she likes him,
 “ and his fortune is as you say, I have no
 “ objection to it.”---Sir, (said I) he will be
 “ transported with joy at this answer.”---
 “ But, BOB (quoth he) I don’t know how
 “ to part with her neither---I can’t part
 “ with my little SYL---No, no, they shall
 “ live here, for one twelve months, how-
 “ ever.---I’ll give my consent upon no
 “ other terms, and so you may tell him.”

Aunt BRIDGET at this moment came
 into the room.--- “ O Sister (quoth the
 “ old Gentleman) I’ve news for you!---
 “ Why, SYLVIA’s going to be married out
 “ of hand ; I’ve just now given my con-
 “ sent.”---Married! (cry’d Aunt BRIDGET)
 “ I should not have thought of that!---
 “ but you shan’t think to marry my
 “ child!---What must she do with a hus-
 “ band”---“ Do with a husband ! (quoth
 “ my Father) What the devil do other girls
 do

“ do with their husbands ? I warrant she
 “ wants no instructions on that head.”
 “ Married ! replied ! my Aunt again)---O
 “ the little sly Gypsey !—O the little
 “ forward pufs !—But I’ll marry her !
 “ I’ll give her a husband, I can tell her !
 “ —I should not have minded it, if she had
 “ only let me into the secret.—But pray
 “ who is she going to marry ?”

“ Who ? Why Mr. RACKETT, here.”

“ Mr. RACKETT !—aye, aye,—I never
 “ liked so many raking fellows about the
 “ house.”

“ Raking fellows ! Zouns, what raking
 “ fellows.”

“ What raking fellows !—Why there’s
 “ this Mr. RACKETT, as you call him ; and
 “ there’s the old Doctor that’s drunk in
 “ bed ; and there’s the Irish Baronet, that’s
 “ more here than at home ; and there’s—”

42 THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

“ Hey-day ! sifter, what now ?—Why
“ you give yourself airs, methinks !—
“ ’Sflesh, must not I do as I will in my
“ own house—Since you come to that,
“ they shall be married next Sunday.”

“ But they shan’t be married next
“ Sunday.”

“ But they shall.”

“ But they shan’t.”

“ But since You’re so d——mn’d obsti-
“ nate, they shall; and I’ll give her a hand-
“ some fortune too.---BOB, do you go and
“ tell Mr. RACKETT so, directly.”

“ O brother ! (cry’d my Aunt BRIDGET,
“ weeping) you are determined to break
“ my poor heart !---take away my child,
“ without my privity or consent !—I
“ should not care a farthing if I did not
“ lose my poor child.”

“ Why

“ Why, Sister, you put yourself into
 “ such passions, there’s no speaking to
 “ you. You shan’t lose SYL. They are
 “ to live here a twelve-month, otherwise;
 “ he should not have had her. That’s
 “ one of the articles of agreement, sister.---
 “ No, no, let me alone for making a bar-
 “ gain.”

“ Lord, brother, why did you not tell
 “ me so at first ?---You put one into such
 “ a flurry !---Well, I must bustle ; I have
 “ enough upon my hands---I’ll go tell my
 “ poor girl on’t.---O I warrant the little
 “ soul will be ready to jump out of her
 “ skin---I’ll go to her directly.”

“ Aye, do Sister ;---and BOB, do you
 “ send Mr. RACKETT to me ; let’s hear
 “ what he has to say for himself.---But
 “ sister, you know that Mr. SLEIGH and
 “ the Parson sup with us to-night.”

I flew

I flew to RACKETT, and closetted him immediately.

I then retired to Miss THORNTON; our anxieties were inexpressible; I felt sufficiently for myself, but more for her.---O my poor heart! two full hours between hope and fear, and yet no RACKETT returned;---we saw no more of him till we were called down to supper.

Miss THORNTON desired an apology might be made for her absence; she was not very well. And I confess I would as soon have gone to Rome on foot, (like Old Coryate) as approach my Father without having previously seen RACKETT. However, I at last ventured into the parlour.

“ Hey, BOB; (quoth the old Gentleman)
 “ so, you ungracious dog, you’ve a mind
 “ to leapt over HARRY’s Head, and be
 “ married before him, ha?---Well BOB, I
 don’t

“ don’t mind punctilios. I like your
 “ choice, and so there’s an end of the
 “ matter, provided Mr. SLEIGH has no
 “ objections. But, egad, I did not sus-
 “ pect all this cooing about my house.---
 “ Young kittens will play, you see, Sir
 “ PHELMIM---What say you, Mr. SLEIGH?
 “ You know we have often talked of
 “ matching one of my sons against Miss
 “ THORNTON, and Bob has got her into
 “ the humour, I believe.---You are ac-
 “ quainted with the fortune I intend for
 “ him; and I am not ignorant of the
 “ Lady’s;---We’ll make her a handsome
 “ jointure,---and so, what say you;---
 “ shall we strike a bargain?

Sir PHELMIM seemed much perplexed.

“ Things of this kind require confide-
 “ ration (quoth the Counsellor) deliberate
 “ consideration.- -They ought not to be
 “ determined too precipitately.---Besides,
 I believe

“ I believe Sir PHELIM has a prior pre-
 “ tension to the Lady ; and I have already
 “ settled the matter with him. I have
 “ had a good account of his family and
 “ fortune, and the deed of settlement is
 “ already engrossed ; so that I can say no-
 “ thing to the point at present.”

“ O the Devil, BOB, (cry'd HARRY)
 “ why you are quite thrown out here !---

“ Thrown out ! not at all (quoth my
 “ father)---You will please to remember,
 “ Mr. SLEIGH, that I am a joint guardi-
 “ an with you to Miss THORNTON, and
 “ ought to have been consulted. I don't
 “ like your underhanded works. Why,
 “ you want to turn poacher for Sir PHE-
 “ LIM ; you want to steal the game off my
 “ manor.”---

“ Poacher, Sir ! (cry'd SLEIGH) I don't
 “ understand your---

“ Understand

“ Understand me none of your under-
 “ standings (quoth my father warmly) I
 “ love my boy, he is a good boy ; and I
 “ love Miss THORNTON as well as I do a
 “ fox-chase ;---and I say, it looks as if
 “ you had been---

“ Lord Gentlemen, (said RACKETT, as a
 “ mediator) you may settle this point in
 “ an instant. Let us lay aside all compul-
 “ sion ; let the young lady have some
 “ agency in an affair wherein her own
 “ peace is so much concerned ; for 'tis
 “ she, and she only, whose happiness or
 “ misery depends on your present delibe-
 “ rations. I beg, therefore, that Madam
 “ BRIDGET will be so obliging as to desire
 “ Miss THORNTON's presence for a few
 “ moments in the next room ;---let her
 “ sift her ; and on whomsoever her choice
 “ falls, let him be the man !

“ Well said (quoth HARRY.) a fair-bet,
 “ faith !”

“ Done, done, (cry’d my father) I’ll
 “ agree to that.”

“ Hold Sir, hold, (replied SLEIGH) fair
 “ and easy, goes far in a day---You are all
 “ of a family; Madam BRIDGET is an
 “ interested person in this cause; her evi-
 “ dence cannot be admitted.”

“ Why, Zouns, Sir! (quoth my father)
 “ no lady needs be ashamed of an alli-
 “ ance with our family; we have been a
 “ family in this county ever since the
 “ deluge; and I say that we make you a
 “ fair offer.”

“ Gentlemen you are both warm (said
 “ RACKETT) I have another proposal to
 “ make. Let us call the lady down, and
 “ let Mr. SLEIGH demand, in the presence
 “ of this good company, in whom the la-
 “ dy’s affections are centered!

Sir PHELM was fulky,

SLEIGH

SLEIGH was now too closely set;—he consented; — the bell was rung, and Miss THORNTON entered the room. As soon as she appeared, I stepped forward, and offered her my hand.—“ Hands off! “ (quoth SLEIGH) let us have fair play.”--- (Miss THORNTON was greatly agitated)---“ Madam, I have a plain question to ask you---Would you not sooner “ chuse to be a *Lady*, and the wife of a “ *Baronet*, than the wife of a *private* “ *Gentleman*?”

“ Hold, hold, (cry'd my Father) that “ is not the question.---Give me leave “ to set the case.---Madam, there are two “ gentlemen present, who lay claim to your “ affections; Sir PHELM O' FARRELL, “ and my son BOB here.---The affair is “ serious---Which will you have?---come, “ pluck up your spirits---Which will you “ have?”

The question was perhaps indelicate, but it was honest. Miss THORNTON was greatly abashed ; but on being pressed to declare her sentiments, she said, “ That
 “ Sir PHELM had already had her answer,
 “ and that she now once more begged
 “ that he would not renew his sollicita-
 “ tions, since she was determined never
 “ more to receive his visits.”

“ Well done, BOB, (exclaimed HARRY)
 “ well done, my buck ! egad you’re got
 “ the whip hand of him !”

“ Very well, Miss THORNTON, (said Sir
 “ PHELM) ’tis very well, joy---Your de-
 “ termination don’t ruffle me at-all-at-all,
 “ for perhaps I may find means to bodder
 “ your schemes for all this---I’ll be after
 “ leaving you at present to repent at your
 “ leisure, honey---But you should *remem-*
 “ *ber not to forget* that it was a condescension

“ cension in a gentleman of my figure
“ and fortune, to have been taking any
“ notice of you at all, jewel.”

“ D——n’d stuff !” (cry’d HARRY.)

“ Insolent fellow !” (said Sir PHELM.)

“ Fine gentleman of figure and for-
“ tune !” (quoth HARRY again.)

“ Sir, I wear a sword, demme ;” (replied
the Baronet.)

“ And demme, Sir, I can use a
“ cudgel ;” answered my brother.

“ Fie, fie, Sir PHELM, (quoth the
“ Counsellor) this is not right---The ver-
“ dict is given, and I’ll not sue out a writ
“ of error, I assure you.---Besides, Sir, you
“ should remember where you are.”

“ O yes, (cry’d the Baronet) Devil
“ burn me but I’ll remember it, so I will.”

“ Peace, peace, gentlemen, (said RACK-
“ ETT)---The affair is now at a crisis;---
“ and---that every thing may be settled
“ amicably, suppose--O ! here comes the
“ supper---suppose we go to supper.”

C H A P.



C H A P. XIX.

An unforeseen Accident.]

THAT *Men are the play-things of the Gods*, is an old Greek proverb. Weak foolish man ! thy pleasures are of short continuance—a month perhaps, a week, a day.—Yet blame not heaven, for providence is just—and if thy joys be short, thy sorrows are not long.

Every thing now wore a favourable aspect ; my Father was overjoyed at the thoughts of a double alliance, and while he and the Counsellor were busied in preparing the marriage articles, Aunt BRIDGET and the Ladies were employed in chusing silks, and purchasing the wedding-cloaths. We saw nothing of Sir PHELM from week's end to week's end. TAGWELL

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ordered a surplice to be washed against the auspicious day on which we were to be made happy ; HARRY laid out for game ; and Dr. RUBY assisted the butler in examining the state of my Father's cellar.

The very morning on which the settlements were read for the approbation of the parties, Parson TAGWELL broke in upon us, with a countenance that bespoke a confirmed indignation. He said, that he begged pardon for interrupting us ; that he had an affair of consequence to communicate ; but that as we seemed busy, he would call again in an hour. “ O no, “ not at all, (quoth I) we shall have done in “ a moment ;—sit down, Mr. TAGWELL.”

“ Very easy and composed, truly,” (replied the Parson.)—I knew not what he meant.

As soon as the parchments were gone through, my Father desired him to declare
his

his business. He answered, that Farmer BEANFIELD and his daughter (who was Miss THORNTON's woman) were waiting in the hall; and that if he would be so obliging as to order them in, and desire the Ladies to withdraw, he would soon be informed by the parties themselves.

The ladies accordingly withdrew, and the Farmer and BETTY made their appearance. The looks of the honest Old Man were really pitiable, he seemed absorbed in affliction: BETTY wept indeed, but appeared less concerned. We were all struck with silent amazement. At length my Father asked what was the matter? when poor BEANFIELD could only utter—“ Alas! “ my daughter!”

“ What, what can be the matter, (cry'd “ RACKETT)—speak, Mr. TAGWELL;— “ for heaven's sake, what accident has be- “ fallen?”

The Parson then, (after expatiating on the heinous sin of fornication, and the dreadful consequences from which it is inseparable ; on the cruelty of seducing a virtuous young woman ; on the miseries attendant upon helpless, though spurious offsprings, who were too frequently necessitated to beg their bread, while their inhuman fathers were rolling in affluence ; and on the unmerited afflictions of honest and industrious parents,) proceeded to inform us, that the unhappy girl who was then present, was pregnant ; and that her business was to swear to the father of the child.

“ I am concerned, (continued he) nay, I
 “ am injured by the affair ; for I now pro-
 “ test that I loved her, that she has long
 “ known it, and that I would certainly
 “ have made her my wife.”

I never saw so general an amazement as this declaration produced. For my own
 part,

part, I confess I had a great regard for BETTY, on Miss THORNTON's account, who was very fond of her. I enlarged upon TAGWELL's discourse, and sermonized for near a quarter of an hour. At length, turning to the Parson, "But who, Sir, (cry'd I) who is the vile author of this calamity?"

He arose from his chair, looked me steadfastly in the face, and doubling his fist, said, "Detested hypocrite!—THOU art the man."

Good heaven!—I was struck dumb.

"What! what! (cry'd my Father) Is it BOB's child!"

"O yes, it is, (replied the Farmer, who was scarce able to speak) indeed it is his;—he has ruined my child,—my poor child!"

My Father grew angry; and, notwithstanding the entreaties of RACKETT and the Counsellor, threw the writings behind the fire. Then taking up the poker, "There, (said he) there goes the settlement, there goes his fortune, there"—

"Hold, hold, Sir, for heaven's sake, hold!" (cry'd RACKETT, endeavouring to restrain him.)

"Mind your own business, Sir—I'll burn him, the bastard, the mother, and all—Zounds! Sir, I'll set the house on fire, if I please."

RACKETT left the room in the greatest consternation; neither TAGWELL nor SLEIGH spoke a single soothing word; BETTY laid her brat at my door; while HARRY only sung,

Why should we, with wrinkled care,
 Spoil what *nature made so fair*;
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a *bad bargain* make the best.



C H A P. XX.

The unhappy Youth leaves his Father's House.

WRETCH that I was ! What arguments could exculpate me ? all were vain !—And then, even at the very time that I was pretending an affection for Miss THORNTON ; when all parties were agreed, and little remained but to solemnize the nuptials ; even then to have a charge of bastardy fixed upon me, and by the servant of the very Lady to whom my warmest addresses were urged, was a circumstance not easily to be palliated.

Aunt BRIDGET'S maiden virtue had likewise caught fire ; she execrated the naughty hussy, and, (however charitable she might be on other occasions, with her medicines

medicines and plaisters) she wished to see the impudent strumpet punished for her *dishonesty*. My Father's anger, indeed, began to subside; he said, "That it was
 " a trick of youth, and that we must let it
 " blow over." He was not very apt to provide for emergencies that were at a distance, and yet he hit upon a scheme that appeared plausible enough. It was this: That, as the child might perhaps be a boy, he should be put under a careful nurse; from the nurse he should be sent to school; and, by the time he was sufficiently instructed in figures, he did not doubt, he said, of having interest enough to get him made an exciseman.

Yet all this did by no means restore my peace of mind. Miss THORNTON's delicacy would not permit me to speak to her: Aunt BRIDGET's lectures on morality renewed my Father's resentment, in
 spite

spite of his paternal affection ; for altho' he could never be *driven* into a measure, he was easily led away by gentle persuasion : SYLVIA, when I chanced to see her, did nothing but weep : and HARRY only called me a fool for being uneasy about trifles. RACKETT, indeed, strove hard to restore the peace of the family, but his efforts were vain.

Thus, detested and avoided like a scorpion, even in my Father's house, I remained for a few weeks ; till at length, unable to brook the usage, I determined to meet and defy my evil genius. I packed up a little linen secretly in a handkerchief, and with the trifle of money I had in my pocket, (after leaving a note in my room for Miss THORNTON) let myself out of the house in the dead of night. The moon was a little eclipsed for a while by a cloud, but afterwards it became very resplendent.

Miss

Miss THORNTON engrossed all my thoughts; I walked on, without considering whither I was bound, for five or six miles; when recollecting myself, I found that a few fields farther would bring me into the London road.



C H A P. XXI.

*Interesting Adventures that befel the Author
on his Travels.*

A Stage Coach is a most useful vehicle, and our Novelists, in general, are sure to take the advantage of it. By the help of a Coach *fortunately passing by*, the hero of a story is whirled an hundred miles across the Country in an instant: but that is not all; the conversation of the passengers is absolutely indispensable. One tells us of a squabby butcher's wife, who is continually complaining of the narrowness of the carriage, and scolding at a half-starved barber, perhaps, for taking up too much room; another quotes you the Statutes at Large, by the mouth of a pert attorney's clerk; a third exhibits a
Steward,

Steward, in all the beggarly consequence of delegated authority ; and a fourth displays the ridiculous airs of a lady of quality, in the character of her imitative waiting-woman.

A Stage Coach is also liable to a thousand little accidents, which are most faithfully recorded for our amusement. Sometimes we are turned topsy-turvy into a ditch ; and here a writer never fails to exercise his descriptive abilities, particularly upon the female part of the company. Sometimes we are stopped and robbed in a dark narrow pass ; and then, as soon as the rogues have made off with their booty, some daring hero in the coach boldly swears, that if it had but been day-light, he would not have suffered himself to have been robbed, for he always travelled with pistols ; while his plain-dressed opposite friend, whose hat bears

bears some resemblance to an umbrella, declares in all the primitive simplicity of speech, that it is better patiently to suffer the loss of a few shillings, than to destroy a fellow creature. The Quaker's observation is seconded, perhaps, by the Curate at his right hand; who, far from insisting on the doctrine of non-resistance in general, sensibly tells us, that there is a moral disproportion between an Honest man and a Robber; and that it would be folly for the former to oppose his life and being, on an equal chance, to that of the latter.

But this is not all. What a variety of scenes, most exquisitely humourous, are exhibited at the different stages! drunken hosts, brawling land-ladies, *modest* chambermaids;—coachmen swearing, ostlers fighting, and passengers without money to pay their reckonings.—These circumstances

stances are very entertaining, to be sure ; I shall touch very lightly upon them. I have a plain tale to tell, (though perhaps, as the poet says, I may “marr a good tale “in the telling”) and therefore will not embellish it by any fictitious rodomantade. I will not pretend, like many of my fellow-labourers, to surmount difficulties insurmountable ; neither will I, like a certain celebrated Traveller, amuse my readers with the bad accommodations on the road, with bullying of landlords and waiters, or the caning of post-chaise boys.

And therefore, to proceed—I walked on, and at break of day, observed a little public house, which I remembered, on the road side, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile ; and having come to the door, pulled up the latch, and walked in without ceremony. The good woman was lighting a fire, while her husband chopped

chopped some fuel. My appearance, (for I was well dressed) produced a great deal of respect; for the old woman, after dropping a dozen courtesies, said "JOHN, " JOHN, where's thy manners, why dost " not doff thy hat to the gentleman?" JOHN turned about, pulled off his hat, and made a sudden jet with his body, as if he had intended to have thrown his head at me. " Come MARY, blow up the fire, (quoth " he) I warrant the gentleman's a little " chilly—please to sit in the corner, Sir;" when stooping under the mantlepiece, I took my seat as my host had desired.

As soon as my hostess had got a good fire, and swept up the hearth, I desired her to let me have some breakfast. She asked what I chose. " Coffee, to be sure," (said I,) " Coffee! good-lack a-daisy, " Sir, (quoth she) I have no such thing " in the house; but JOHN shall go to the
" next

“ next town if you please, it is but about
 “ four miles ; or you may have a Toast
 “ and Ale, or some Cold Bacon and Cab-
 “ bage.”—“ Well, it don’t signify, (said
 “ I)—let me have what you will.”

The dear object of my adoration was never out of my mind. I reflected on her anxieties, and wept bitterly ; yet I could not quite applaud her dignity in refusing even to speak to me, altho’ RACKETT had been very solicitous to that purpose. SYLVIA stood before me in imagination, “like NIOBE, all in tears.” Bewildered in distress, I involuntarily cry’d out—
 “ Poor, lost wretch !—lost from the dear
 “ angel for ever !”

I was awaked, however, from my reverie, by honest MARY, who sensibly observed to her husband, “ That she be-
 “ lieved the gentleman was a little
 “ cracked !”

JOHN

JOHN set out a table, or rather a stool, for it was not higher than our knees, and ushered in the cold bacon and cabbage. MARY was hereupon a little angry, and told her spouse, that she should never teach him to do things with *doffity*; then whipping the victuals off the table again, she spread a cloth; which, though homely, was very clean. She then whiped a knife and fork, while JOHN went to draw a mug of ale, which he said he brewed himself, and would challenge the whole county with.

JOHN, and I, and MARY, now sat down together; but the good woman, having formerly lived in a gentleman's family, had acquired a stock of good breeding infinitely beyond that of her husband; and therefore, as JOHN happened to be covered, she very politely jirked the hat off his head, and intending to throw it to
the

the farther end of the room, kindly flung it in my face, and almost put my eyes out. MARY was confused; but rising from her seat, began courtfying as before; she begged "ten thousand millions of pardons, (she said) but her husband was always bringing her into some *premenary* with his ill manners." While she was making this handsome apology, I was led to think that she had studied oratory, particularly if, as the learned say, the great qualifications of an orator consist in *action*; for her head shook to and fro' like a Chinese image, with this difference only, that instead of moving backwards and forwards (which perhaps may be the custom of public speakers in the east) hers more gracefully vibrated from one shoulder to the other.

The Bacon and Cabbage might be very good for aught I know, for my nocturnal
walk

walk had not created much appetite. JOHN's ale, however, was excellent; it made me for a little time forget all my misfortunes, and all that was dear to me upon earth. I had no inclination to walk much farther, and therefore enquired of my hospitable friend, whether he could not assist me with a horse. He answered in the affirmative; and added, that it was as good a thing as any in the Country. He took a hearty swig of ale, and then said he would go look for him; for he was grazing somewhere in the lanes.

Were I a good literary painter, I might now, during JOHN's absence in quest of his horse, entertain the reader with a description of his little dwelling. That MARY was a good housewife, was plain in every instance. Two iron candlesticks, a spit, three skewers, and the cover of a copper pot, shone as bright as any Woodstock trinket;

trinket; the table and chairs were well scowered, and the cupboard door neatly painted with ruddle: The floor was of exquisite workmanship; it consisted of flag-stones, of different sizes and irregular forms, being neither square, round, nor triangular; ; they were nevertheless contrived to join with the greatest nicety. Nay, I will venture to pronounce this floor, (which I dare say has escaped the notice of every other traveller) except a few irregularities on the surface, to be infinitely superior to the famous one formed of sheep's-trotters, at a certain village near Oxford, on which the celebrated antiquarian THOMAS HEARNE, so frequently, in the height of his enthusiasm, got drunk, and which he took great pains to convince the learned, was a Roman tessellated pavement.

There were, moreover, sundry pieces of ornamental furniture, and among the rest,

rest, the Twelve good Rules of King Charles ; and the Rules and Orders of a Friendly Society, or Club, both in black frames : several valuable wooden prints, which discovered some little hurry of the master, as they were not very highly finished : and against the cellar door were pasted, the famous old songs of Chevy Chase, the Children in the wood, and the Witham Miller ; with some others of a more modern date, particularly Sal of Salisbury, and the Turpin Hero.

But JOHN had now returned with his horse. The Rozinante of the redoughted knight of La Mancha, might have been his sire, for he answered the description in all points ; and yet this will hardly appear probable, when we reflect that the one was of Spanish, and the other of true English breed. Let us therefore rather suppose him a descendant of the stallion

of that no less glorious hero Sir HUDIBRAS, for the family likeness will appear equally strong; and by describing his illustrious forefather, in the words of the immortal poet who has handed his memory down to us, the reader may form a very good idea of my friend JOHN's trusty steed :

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
 I would say eye, for he'd but one,
 As most agree, tho' some say none.
 He was well stay'd, - and in his gate
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
 At spur and switch no more he skipt,
 Or mended pace, than spaniel whipt:
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender hooft,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.

And

And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up ;
So HUDIBRAS's, 'tis well known,
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back.
His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.

The reckoning paid, up I mounted, and JOHN walked along by the road side, that he might be ready to take back his horse, as soon as we reached the next town, where I intended to take a post-chaise. But circumstances happened a little untowardly; for crossing a heath, we heard the cry of a pack of hounds at a great distance. Old Barebones, who had been an excellent hunter in his younger and more prosperous Days, had still a relish for the sport; he prick'd up his ears in an

E 2 instant.

instant, and off he set on a full gallop. In all probability I might have kept my seat, and proved myself a tolerable good horseman, had not an unlucky accident happened. The horse was a horse of blood, and, when put upon his mettle, would stick at nothing; unfortunately for me, one of the stirrups broke, just as he was taking a hedge, on the further side of which was a very wide ditch; and altho' he cleared both, I was left directly in the middle.

I scrambled out as well as I could, shook my ears, and found myself totally covered with the "green mantle of the standing pool." JOHN pursued his horse as fast as he was able, and I obtained shelter at a neighbouring farm. The Man of the house no sooner saw my condition, than he ordered one of his servants to make up a brisk fire, while his wife brought me
down

down a dry suit of her husband's cloaths. He then recommended to me a glass of his *Hearts-ease*, as he called it, to prevent my catching cold, which indeed was a very good cordial.

Fair befall the honest yeoman ; he was merry and jocular, without being flightly ; sensible, tho' neither witty nor learned ; and was infinitely better company for a reasonable creature to converse with, than a Thing of St. James's, or a Fool of the Coterie. He lived in true Arcadian felicity, and generosity and hospitality were his. I had an opportunity of discovering, by a conversation between him and one of his neighbours, who sat smoking on the opposite side of the fire, that he was a perfect philosopher also. His friend was complaining sorely at the badness of the seasons ; he insisted that the weather was always too wet or too dry ; that it did not

78 THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

use to be so when he was a young man ;
and at last boldly averred, that if much
more rain was to fall, all the seed would
be rotten in the ground. My honest Far-
mer, after reproving him, replied, “ For
“ my part, master GUBBINS, the weather
“ never gives me a moment’s uneasiness ;
“ I till my land, sow my grain, and take
“ care of my cattle ; and as for the rest I
“ trust to Providence. But you’re always
“ finding fault : If the crops are but thin,
“ you complain that you have not more
“ ears than seed ; and in a plentiful sea-
“ son you either tell us that it is all straw,
“ or that corn will be so cheap, that it
“ will scarce pay for the getting of it in :
“ And yet, after all your repining and
“ grumbling, you’re ne’er the better for it.
“ Isn’t it best to be quiet and make your-
“ self easy ! for you’re but just where you
“ started after all. When the weather is
“ dry it will suit the corn on our low
lands,

“ lands, you know, and when it proves
 “ wet, you’ll have the better crop of tur-
 “ nips. But while your’e plaguing your
 “ head about things that you *cannot* help,
 “ you neglect things that you *can*.
 “ Haven’t you three or four old ricks of
 “ wheat, that are almost devour’d by the
 “ rats and mice for want of thrashing out !
 “ and I am sure you might have had a
 “ a good price for it, and have put the
 “ money in your pocket twenty times
 “ over. Don’t your fields lie in a man-
 “ ner common, from the neglect of mend-
 “ ing your mounds and scenes ? And how
 “ many good sheep have you lost for
 “ want of being properly folded and
 “ tended ! Let us have no more of your
 “ complaints, then ;—do your own part
 “ well, and I warrant you God will do
 “ the rest.”

No archbishop could have made a better sermon :—It was delivered with true Christian ease and complacency ;—no affectation, no grimace ;—for my friend was as little tinctured with Methodistical austerity, as with Antinomian licentiousness. But lest the reader may turn over the leaf in disgust, and think this page more stupid than all the rest, I will once more resume my narrative.

And, with permission, as an atonement for my delay, I will skip over a few particulars which are of no great consequence : suffice it to say, that I spent the remainder of the day with Master ROBERTS, (for that was the name of my hospitable friend) ; that I was put into the bed of state at night, which (from the antiquated figure of the stuff, the knots and fringes of the vallons and curtains, the strength of the timber, and the curious form of the tester)

tester) I really believe had been in the family ever since the days of queen Elizabeth ; and that in the morning the farmer not only lent me a horse to carry me to the next town, but accompanied me likewise.

When a man who has money in his pocket goes to an inn, he seldom chuses to sit by the kitchen fire ; when he has none, he may sit where he can ; but wherever that may be, I believe his seat will not be very easy. That honest divine Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS, and his exemplary companion Mr. JOSEPH ANDREWS, with many other worthies upon record, were frequently obliged to let themselves so far down. However, the moment *we* alighted at the Wheat Sheaf, (the Inn Farmer ROBERTS always used) we were shewn into a private room : I can scarce call it private neither, for there were two well-dressed gentlemen

men sitting by the fire, and drinking white port.

They had ordered a chaise before our arrival; and while my friend and I were refreshing ourselves with a little bread and cheese, I discovered they were repairing to London. I therefore proposed, and they agreed, that we should all go together. The horses were put to, and all were ready to depart; when putting my hand into my pocket to pay a part of the reckoning, woe is me! not a souce was there; for when I changed my wet cloaths at Farmer ROBERTS's house, I very wisely took all the money and papers out of my pockets; but the next morning, when I put on my own again, I as wisely forgot that they would ever be of any farther service to me. Master ROBERTS saw my distress, and as soon as he was informed of the oversight, asked me how much
money

money I had left behind ; I told him there were fifteen guineas in a green silk purse, and a few shillings. He did not dispute my honour, for if he had had so much in his pocket, I really believe he would readily have put it down. I was pleased with his generosity ; but as I valued above every thing a letter of Miss THORNTON's, I was not sorry that the farmer was out of cash. We therefore thought it most adviseable to send a messenger immediately back with a note to Mrs. ROBERTS, desiring her to search the pockets of the suit the farmer had lent me, and to send the contents by the bearer ; reserving the silver, to be divided as she thought fit, between her maid servants.

The two gentlemen very politely condescended to wait for the return of the messenger, and we all amused ourselves over a bowl of brandy and water. From
the

the oddness of their names. I fancied they were foreigners; for one was called Mr. ORESTES and the other Mr. PYLADES; and suddenly recollecting a paragraph in one of the news-papers, importing, that a certain learned bishop of Attica was arrived, on purpose to consult the archbishop of Canterbury on some abstruse and disputable points, I concluded that they must be Greeks, and probably his companions or domesticks. However that might be, they spoke the English language with as great ease and purity of accent, as if they had been born within the bills of mortality.

This last paragraph it was perhaps necessary to relate, in order to fill up an interval of time, and to preserve an uninterrupted regularity of story, which is indispensably necessary in all biographical and historical compositions. And therefore

fore I may now venture to inform the reader, that the messenger is returned, and that he has discharged his embassy with the strictest honesty and dispatch. But Master ROBERTS would needs have a stirrup-cup, as he called it, and insisted that we should not part dry lips ; another bowl was therefore unavoidable ; which being emptied, after taking leave of my hospitable benefactor, we stepped into the chaise.

I was quickly confirmed in my opinion that my fellow-travellers were Greeks, for we had not gone far before their discourse turned upon antient history, wherein they mentioned several persons and circumstances, which I had either never read of, or which, if I had, had perfectly escaped my memory. Mr. ORESTES asked me, Whether I thought Alexander or Julius Cæsar the *finest character* ? I replied that
they

they were murderers, both of them ; and that I was so little a friend to slaughter and bloodshed, that I could not look on either of them as *fine characters*. “ Why true, “ (says Mr. PYLADES) I think Alexan- “ der’s killing of Clytus, his faithful “ friend, does him no honour ; and the “ Roman Emperor, you know, destroyed “ his Wife, on account of a jealous whim “ he had got into his head ; and then, “ forsooth, all the apology he makes is, “ that Cæsar’s wife ought not even to be “ suspected.”

Mr. ORESTES replied, “ that their *parts* “ were excellent for all that.”

“ I’ll grant you, Sir, (said I) that “ Cæsar had a clear head, was a good “ scholar, a great soldier, brave, active, “ vigilant, and enterprising ; but then he “ sacrificed thousands to gratify his un- “ bounded ambition : And as for Alex-
ander

“ ander, I believe he was always either
 “ mad or drunk ; however, if he was not
 “ really mad, history informs us that he
 “ always carried the Iliad about his per-
 “ son, and that he took so much delight
 “ in the character of Achilles, as furiously
 “ to copy that implacable hero in all his
 “ extravagancies.

A few sentences then passed between
 my two friends in their native language ;
 but tho' I was a tolerable Greek scholar,
 their accent and pronunciation was so
 totally different from that of our schools,
 that I could not understand a single word ;
 I thought, indeed, that one of them men-
 tioned the word *Rathumos*, which signifies
 a *Green-born*.

The conversation, however, was renew-
 ed. Mr. PYLADES talked much of the
 dignity of the *character* of Pyrrhus, the
 king of Epirus, as it is handed down to
 us by the poet (I did not know what poet
 he meant) ; he commended him greatly
 for

for succouring and defending the young Aftyanax, altho' threatened by the whole Grecian confederacy, if he refused to give him up to their rage ; but yet he thought him blameable in adding to the distresses of Andromache, (whom he praised beyond measure for her faithful affection for the memory of the unfortunate Hector) by swearing to her that the youth should die, if she any longer refused his addresses. He mentioned in strong terms the spirit of Hermione ; and a certain ancestor, or name-sake at least of his friend, whom he termed the *jilted, duped* ORESTES.

But the chaise happening now to draw up to a turnpike, Mr. PYLADES desired I would be so obliging as to pay the toll ; adding, that it was best for one only to clear the road, as it would prevent trouble and confusion, and that they would each repay me his quota at the inn. No objection

objection could be made to so reasonable a request.

Mr. PYLADES then enlarged upon Titus Andronicus, Marc Antony, Cleopatra, Timon the Athenian misanthropist, and a hundred celebrated names of antiquity ; till Mr. ORESTES fell asleep ; and then, his companion seeing himself so little attended to, or perhaps piqued at so notorious a slight, fell asleep likewise.

Thus all conversation ceased till we arrived at the inn ; and here my friend PYLADES very civilly begged that I would discharge the driver of the chaise, and place the sum to account among my other memorandums of the road. The waiter shewed us into a room, and Mr. ORESTES proposed that we should order a little refreshment. A verbal bill of fare was immediately delivered by the landlord, with an obsequious bow between every article ;

ticle; and he closed the list with “fine
 “turkey poult, gemmen, couple of
 “woodcocks, or”—

“Hold! hold! (cried Mr. PYLADES)
 “suppose we have a boiled turkey, with
 “a bit of bacon and greens, and a couple
 “of woodcocks roasted!”—“With all my
 “heart, (replied Mr. ORESTES) I am
 “fond of a cock, altho’ I have never
 “tasted any since I left the *Holy-Land*.”
 Turning to me, “What do you say, Sir;
 “have you any objection to a turkey and
 “woodcocks?” I answered, that I had
 not the least objection to *either*, but that I
 thought *both* would be too much for three
 people “Pooh, pooh, (said Mr. PY-
 “LADES) we live like gentlemen at all
 “times, and both of us eat heartily up-
 “on the road; travelling agrees very
 “well with us; and indeed it is a great
 “happiness that our appetites do not fail,
 for

“ for we have travelled a great deal in our
 “ time, Sir !”—The Landlord therefore
 received his orders, made his bow, and
 retired.

“ Sir, (said I, addressing myself to my
 “ friend ORESTES) I think you observed
 “ just now, that you had not tasted a
 “ woodcock since you left the *Holy-*
 “ *Land*;—Pray, Sir, are there plenty of
 “ cocks in *Palestine* ?” “ O ! Sir, (re-
 “ plied ORESTES) we have woodcocks and
 “ pheasants, in as great plenty as tom-
 “ tits and hedge sparrows ; snipes and
 “ partridges as thick as swallows in a
 “ summer’s evening, and ortolans hover
 “ about our houses like tame pigeons ;
 “ abundance of flesh, fish, corn, and
 “ wine ; you may drink French wine for
 “ twenty-pence a bottle. Our fruits, too,
 “ are most exquisitely delicious ; particu-
 “ larly one species, which the natives dig
 out

“ out of the ground, and which is there-
 “ fore aptly called Prhatee, or *The Apple*
 “ *of the Earth.*”

“ But, Sir, (said I) if the *Holy-Land*
 “ is at present so very fruitful as you de-
 “ clare it is, our late travellers must have
 “ imposed upon us in a most scandalous
 “ manner ; for they all declare, that, how-
 “ ever plentiful it might heretofore have
 “ been made by the industry of the an-
 “ tient inhabitants, it is at present little
 “ better than a desert ; rocky, barren,
 “ and uncultivated.”

“ Sir, (replied my friend) I know but
 “ little of your travel-writers ; what I
 “ advance is from better authority per-
 “ haps ; I have lived some years in the
 “ country, conversed with the inhabitants,
 “ and what I say, I say from my own
 “ knowledge, and the evidence of my
 “ senses. There are some particular parts,
 indeed,

“ indeed, that are rocky and barren ; but
 “ the face of the country in general is so
 “ far from being so, that it is soft, wet, and
 “ swampy for many thousand acres toge-
 “ ther.”

I began to be rather doubtful of ORES-
 TES's veracity : but when I reflected on
 the great changes in the face of nature
 that had been produced by time ; that
 Herculaneum and Pompeii had lain bu-
 ried for some centuries underground ; that
 the present streets of Rome are at least six
 feet higher than the streets of the antient
 city ; that the seven hills on which it
 stood, are now no hills at all ; that the
 Tarpeian rock, a most dreadful precipice,
 from the top of which malefactors were
 cast, is at this day only twelve feet high ;
 that formerly there was a fine flight of
 steps *up* to the door of the Pantheon, and
 that now there is a flight of steps *down*
 to

to it ; that many rivers had been known to alter their courses ; that Palmyra had been buried in a whirlwind of sand ; with many other wonderful facts that recurred to my memory ; I concluded, that, from some violent agitation of Nature, these alterations in *Palestine* might have been produced, and that what my friend had asserted was strictly true.

Smick, smack,—bing, bang;—"Why, "you lie, you rogue"—"Nay, but "my dear"—"Get out of my sight, "you snotty snivelling fool ;—why didn't "you remember that I am fond of a "cock?"—What the devil can be the matter?—Why truly my squabby pot-bellied landlady is only basting her husband for having informed us that he had a brace of woodcocks in the larder.—"Oh, is that all! (said Mr. ORESTES) "Zounds, I was afraid that the cook had "spoiled

“spoiled them in the dressing. D’ye hear,
 “cook, before you take care of the
 “traile.”—“Traile me no trailes, Sir,
 “(quoth the Amazon, clapping her el-
 “bows a-kimbo) the birds are mine and
 “they shall be mine.”—“But, my sweet
 “life, (replied the good man) you know
 “the gentlemen have bespoke the birds
 “for dinner, so you cannot refuse to dress
 “them; and”——“Pray, Mr. Wise-
 “acre, mind your own business; they
 “were bespoke before your guests came
 “into the house;—there’s Mrs. Click-
 “clack, the midwife, has promised to
 “sup with me;—and I will have my way
 “for once, I’m determined.”

“Hark ye, Mr. What’s-your-name,”
 (quoth PYLADES, taking our host aside)
 “Zounds, if I had such a wife, I would
 “drive the house of her;—I would play
 “the very devil.” “Aye, aye, (said my
 “landady,

“landlady, weeping) you may lay your
 “heads together as long as you like, but
 “I won’t be ill used by ne’er a He that
 “treads upon shoe-leather, altho’ my
 “husband is such a brute; nobody would
 “think of contradicting a poor wretch in
 “my condition; I that have brought
 “him fourteen children, all alive and
 “christened, and look me every day
 “with the fifteenth, to be treated so cru-
 “elly by a parcel of—Oh! oh!”—Poor
 woman, the conflict was too violent for
 the delicate nerves of a female; down she
 sunk into an armed chair. In a moment
 I took a smelling bottle out of my pocket,
 and ran to her relief; but my hartshorn
 was immediately pushed aside by her af-
 fectionate husband, who tenderly present-
 ed her with a glass of usquebaugh. “Curse
 “the woodcocks (cry’d I); I’ll forego
 “the taste of woodcocks all the days
 “of my life, sooner than a helpless, preg-
 nant

“ nant woman shall be made unhappy for
 “ a single moment.” “ Very true,” said
 Mr. PYLADES, (tho’ I hardly knew
 whether he was in jest or earnest) “ Lord
 “ have mercy upon us, what a sad thing it
 “ would be, if the child should be born
 “ with a nose in the form of a wood-
 “ cock’s bill !”—“ Aye, true, (cry’d I)
 “ let the poor creature have her wood-
 “ cocks.” She recovered, and, opening
 her eyes, said, “ Oh, Sir, you have saved
 “ my life ; my brute of a husband is al-
 “ ways thwarting me.”——“ Come, come,
 “ my dear, (said the host) let us buss and
 “ be friends ; the gentleman says you
 “ shall have the birds ; and Mrs. Click-
 “ clack shall sup with you, that she shall.”
 “ O, marry come up ! she shall, shall she ?
 “ Why then I say the gentlemen shall
 “ have them, if they please, and Mrs.
 “ Clickclack shall have something else ;
 “ you’re a pretty fellow indeed to oblige

“ your customers, but if it was not for
 “ me, I don’t know what would become
 “ of you.”

The cook was now taking the turkey out of the pot, and we therefore returned into the parlour ; in ten minutes the dinner was served up, and in a little more than that same space of time the turkey was picked to the bones. The good woman of the house, however, surprized us ; for the plates and dishes were scarce removed before a waiter brought in the very birds that had caused so much contention.

My friends were in no hurry ; having ended their dinner, they lighted their pipes, and I sat very patiently till the third bottle was put upon the table. I should have been glad to have made a little more expedition on the road ; but when I considered the great difference of
 expence

expence between travelling singly, and
 paying only my thirds towards the chaise,
 I thought it most prudent to wait till my
 fellow travellers were at leisure. Mr.
 ORESTES, turning towards me, said,
 " Pray, Sir, have you ever read any of
 " our dramatic authors?" " Yes, Sir,
 " (said I) I have read Sophocles, Aris-
 " tophanes, and Euripides." My com-
 panions stared, and winked at each other,
 which, by the bye, was not over polite; but
 I verily believed they imagined I did not
 understand Greek. Mr. PYLADES then
 begged to know my sentiments with re-
 gard to the plays of Sophocles. I was
 very cautious how I delivered my opinion,
 not doubting but that they were much
 better acquainted with these celebrated
 writers of antiquity than I was. I told
 them, however, that the antient Athenians
 gave the preferance to his *Ædipus Colo-*
neus, but, for my own part, I owned that

THE TYRANNUS BROTHER.

I thought the *Tyrannus* equal, if not superior. I was unwilling to enlarge upon the subject, and therefore endeavoured to divert the conversation, by reminding them, that it was high time that we gave orders for a chaise, unless they did not intend to go any farther.

“ Go any farther! (cry'd ORESTES)
“ we'll run fifteen or twenty miles farther
“ to-night, I warrant you; besides I am
“ very fond of travelling by moon-light.”

Mr. PYLADES, seeing my uneasiness, and discovering that I wanted to be gone, rang the bell, ordered a chaise, desired me to pay the reckoning as usual, and as soon as their pipes were out, we proceeded on our journey.

I was very drowsy: as soon as we had seated ourselves in the chaise, I rather indulged that disposition, in order to avoid
any

any classical dispute, and therefore fell asleep with as little ceremony as my companions had done in the former stage. How long I slept, I cannot exactly say ; but Mr. PYLADES awaked me in the middle of a thicket, and informed me that the chaise had been stopped and robbed ; that the villain had taken all their money ; that it was well for them, indeed, that they had a few bank bills in their pockets ; and that I was very lucky in not having been observed by the highwayman.

I shrugged myself a little, rubbed my eyes, and thanked providence for my deliverance ; since, if the rogue had called on me for my money, I should not have had a farthing in the world to bless myself with. “ Well, well, my PYLADES, (cry’d ORESTES) it does not signify—if we can but raise recruits in London, we shall take the town I warrant you !” I

thought there was something mysterious in this speech. However, we met with no other alarm upon the road, but about nine o'clock in the evening found ourselves safely landed at the place of our destination.

It happened to be the evening of the annual fair for horses ; the house was full from top to bottom, and the landlord, on account of our being post-chaise guests, spared no pains to make room for us among the best of his company. At last he succeeded, and introduced us into a snug little room, containing about eight people, four of whom were standing, and the rest sitting by the fire. A large case of instruments stood open upon the table ; a variety of bandages, boxes, and phials, in a chest upon the ground ; and a great quantity of printed bills were dispersed in different parts of the room. In short,

we

we soon discovered that one of the gentlemen, in a laced hat, was an itinerant physician; that the person opposite to him was his *Andrew*, the third his tumbler, and the fourth his musician.

The rest of the group were poor ignorant people, who had applied to the Doctor for advice (for this charitable son of *Æsculapius*, altho' he sold his medicines, always gave his advice gratis.) To one, who complained of an ague, he recommended a gill of hot gin and pepper; to another who fainted under the fatigues of a diarrhoea, he prescribed toasted cheese, and burnt port; to a pale-faced girl, who was afflicted with a dropsy, he advised matrimony, before the disease settled in her arms; and to a young raking dog of a farmer, who had been too familiar with a wanton black-ey'd gypsie, whom he had met under an edge, he delivered a box of

pills, with directions for taking them, ordered him to drink nothing but water gruel for a month.

The ostler of the inn now came limping into the room, having received an ugly cut on the knee, from the kick of a horse. The Doctor and the *Andrew* examined the wound, and prepared to dress it. The former said, he would apply his *Green Salve*, which would cure it in eight and forty hours; but the latter was of a contrary opinion, and advised the *Yellow Ointment*. These two gentlemen, like many of their brethren of the faculty, were very apt to differ in opinion. The debate was kept up for some time; till at length the Doctor desired Mr. *Andrew* to mind his own business and not be impertinent. “Impertinent! ha! (replied “the Jack Pudding) what a long tail our “cat has got;—why, you quacking
“scoundrel,

“ scoundrel, I know my business as well
 “ as you do.” Words produced words;
 and at length the Doctor received a violent
 blow on the head from the *Andrew*. This could not be brooked consistently
 with the honour of his profession, and
 therefore at it they went, like two tygers.
 The fidler, instead of parting them, played
 a good brisk tune, and the tumbler danced
 a hornpipe. This was surely a battle-royal.
 However, when they were tired with thumping
 and rolling about the floor, they took their
 chairs again, and entered into a cool discussion
 of the matter. “ My dear friend, (quoth the *An-*
 “ *drew*) give me thy hand; I acknowledge
 “ that I had no right to interfere,
 “ as it is not my turn to be master, and I
 “ ought not to have insisted so peremptorily
 “ on the superiority of the *Yellow Oint-*
 “ *ment*: But as it frequently happens
 “ when I am master, that you take the
 F 5 “ same

“ same liberties with me, I thought I
 “ might offer my opinion at least.”——
 “ Well, well, (replied the Doctor)—a
 “ truce then :—But you should remember,
 “ that when I say *black* is *white*, in a
 “ medical capacity, you should not con-
 “ tradict me ; and when I wear that par-
 “ ty-coloured Jacket, and you put on
 “ this laced waistcoat, should you say
 “ the moon is made of *Green Cheese*, I
 “ ought not to contradict you. We are
 “ a couple of fools for our pains, for
 “ these ridiculous quarrels will quickly
 “ spoil our business, and leave us nothing
 “ to quarrel about.”

We presently discovered that the Doc-
 tor and the Andrew took the character of
 physician upon them by turns ; and that
 the squabble had arisen from the Andrew's
 officiously giving his opinion at a time
 when he was a servant and not a master.

But

But as all men are naturally prejudiced in favour of their own inventions, so this man of merriment may be in a great measure excused, when we recollect that the *Green Salve*, a nostrum of the Doctor's, for the cure of cuts, scalds, and fresh wounds, was not more efficacious in reality, than the *Yellow Ointment*, a medicine for which the world is indebted to the profound skill and indefatigable labour of the Andrew.

This disturbance had scarce subsided before the landlord and the waiter made their appearance; they stood musing at the farther end of the room, and, looking steadfastly at me, whispered something to each other, and then left the room.

Within twenty minutes a bluff pot-bellied fellow came in; who, tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Friend, you are
" my

“ my prisoner.” — “ Your prisoner, (cried
 “ I, amazed) for what ? ” — “ O ! only
 “ for horse-stealing, (quoth he) : Come,
 “ come along ; his Worship will soon
 “ find a lodging for you gratis.” “ But
 “ who are you, Sir, (cried I) that you
 “ dare to charge me with such a crime ? ” —
 “ My name, (replied he) is TIMOTHY
 “ WILLIAMS, Constable, and Tallow-
 “ chandler.” An innocent man has no-
 thing to fear, says the old proverb ; and
 therefore I made no scruple to follow this
 consequential officer, who had given me
 his name and additions, and my good
 friends ORESTES and PYLADES kindly
 accompanied me.

The Justice was wrapped up in flannel,
 being greatly afflicted with the gout. The
 matter was opened to him by the waiter,
 who deposed, That the common crier had
 that day given notice of a horse being
 stolen

stolen, and that I exactly answered the description of the man who was supposed to have stolen him. “Who is the owner of the horse?” (quoth the Justice).—“JOHN JENKINS, an’ please your worship.” “replied the waiter.”—“Well, where is this JOHN JENKINS?”—“An’ please your Worship, he inns at the Three Horse-shoes; I called there as I came along, but he was gone out.”—“Well, well, if that’s the case, (quoth his worship) take your prisoner back, Mr. WILLIAMS, and keep him in safe custody for farther examination.”

The constable was a good honest fellow; for, as we were going along, he hinted that half a guinea would procure my enlargement. “I can pretend to stop and make water, (quoth he) and then you may slip away and be gone, before I shall have time to button up my breeches

110 THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

“ breeches again.” An excellent scheme this to be sure, but I nobly resisted the offer. The constable then said, That he began to have a better opinion of me; that I might be a very honest fellow for what he knew; and that what he had said before was only a bait that he frequently threw out to catch rogues with.

But JOHN JENKINS, who had returned to his inn, and had been informed that the man who stole his horse was in the custody of the constable, luckily met us in the street; and we therefore immediately went back to the Justice. JOHN told his story very honestly: he said that he saw his horse take after the hounds; that he also saw him leave me in the ditch; but that from that time he had never set his eyes upon him: He added, that he really believed some other person must have mounted the horse, and rode away with him.

him. "Why, this is a Tale of a Tub,
 " (quoth the Justice) for it appears very
 " plain to me, that the horse ran away
 " with the man, instead of the man's
 " running away with the horse; tho' for
 " the matter of that, I believe in law it is
 " nearly the same thing." "I beg your
 " Worship's pardon, (said I) for that is
 " impossible." Sir, (cried he) there is
 " nothing impossible to the law. But,
 " however, the evidence says, that
 " he saw the horse and the prisoner run
 " away; that the said prisoner fell into
 " a ditch, and that he imagines, and
 " really believes, that some other person
 " mounted the said horse and rode away
 " with him. This entirely clears the
 " prisoner, and the owner must endea-
 " vour to find out the real thief. Nay,
 " if we could even have proved that the
 " prisoner and the horse voluntarily fol-
 " lowed the hounds together; that they
 " voluntarily

“ voluntarily fell into the ditch together;
 “ that they afterwards got out together,
 “ and then ran away together; it appears
 “ plainly to me, that an indictment for
 “ felony will lie as strongly against the
 “ one as the other; and we may with
 “ equal propriety arraign the horse for
 “ stealing the prisoner, as the prisoner for
 “ stealing the horse.”

O! the glorious uncertainty of the
 law.—I was immediately discharged with
 honour. But, notwithstanding the elocu-
 tion of his Worship, on recollecting that
 I was the chief instrument in the loss of
 the horse, as well as of the time that
 JOHN had spent in quest of him, I took
 the honest man back to our inn, filled
 his belly with strong ale, and after being
 informed that he valued the beast at thirty
 shillings, besides his shoes, I gave him a
 guinea and a half, and made him com-
 pletely happy.

Your

Your country justices are astonishingly clever ; and we drank the healths of every one in the county in general terms. JOHN set off on foot, late as it was, towards his own house. And, being not only fatigued, but a little mortified also, after eating a Welch rabbit, I bade my friends ORESTES and PYLADES a good night.

But on enquiring for my companions the next morning, the duce a creature could give the least information of them ; they were not in bed, and yet the Chambermaid said that she was sure they slept in the house ; when they arose, however, no one could tell. In short, it was hinted to me by a prudent old gentleman, who sat eating his breakfast by the kitchen fire, that in all likelihood my fellow travellers had given me the go-bye.

Well,—this was really the case.—I stood for some time reflecting upon the degeneracy

degeneracy of the present inhabitants of Greece; and if Troy had still existed, I believe a little matter would have led me to have joined the Ilians, and to have taken up arms against the Greeks. But these reveries were soon suppressed by reflections of a more serious nature. The landlord slipped the following bill into my hands, viz.

To a dish of Cutlets	0 5 0
To Potted Pigeons	0 2 6
To Apple Tart	0 2 0
To Welch Rabbit	0 0 3
To Bread, Cheese and Beer	0 1 8
To Strong Ale	0 3 0
To Wine and Punch	0 9 0
To Cash lent the Gentlemen	2 2 0
	3 5 5

“ To Cash lent the Gentlemen—two
 “ guineas!—What do you mean friend?

“ (quoth

“ (quoth I)—“ Why, Sir (replied my
 “ host) after you went to bed, the gen-
 “ tlemen played at cards for some time;
 “ one of them had a run of bad luck;
 “ and, after losing all his money, he
 “ asked me to change a Bank note of fif-
 “ ty pounds: on informing him that I
 “ had not so much in the house, he desi-
 “ red me to give him two guineas, and
 “ to put it down to the reckoning.”—
 “ Well, Sir, (cry’d I) what have I to
 “ do with that?—Besides, I supped upon
 “ a Welch Rabbit, and they eat all the
 “ rest.” “ But you might have eaten
 “ more if you had chosen it (replied the
 “ landlord); you were all in one company,
 “ and I expect to be paid.”—“ But
 “ don’t you think the charge a little ex-
 “ travagant upon the whole? (quoth I)
 “ Extravagant! (said the host angrily)
 “ What, do you scruple my bill, Sir?—
 “ I want no guests here that scruple my
 bills.

“ bills.—Why there’s Sir THOMAS PIT-
 “ cock’s servants, and Lord MATCHEM’S
 “ servants, and the Duke of ATALL’S
 “ servants constantly use my house; and
 “ they never refused to pay a bill in their
 “ lives.”

The good Lady of the House joined
 in concert with her husband, and for
 some time kept up such a clatter in my
 ears, that I was almost stunned. To be
 rid, therefore, of their noise at once, I
 paid the Bill and left the house immediately.

As I walked along the town, staring
 about for some reputable inn or other,
 from whence I might be supplied with a
 post chaise; I bethought myself, that it
 was necessary for me to examine the state
 of my cash before I ventured to travel
 any farther in so expensive a manner; and,
 upon enquiry, I found that the disburse-
 ments

ments upon the whole amounted to seven pounds nineteen shillings and a penny ; so that half my capital was expended before I had advanced two thirds of the way towards the metropolis.

How ready is Providence to assist our distresses ! Claspings my hands together, and turning my eyes towards heaven, I luckily beheld a board hanging to the bottom of the sign of the Blue Boar, whereon this inscription was painted in letters of Gold ;

The London Coach stops here.

I went into the house, and enquired whether the Coach had gone by ; and I had scarce asked the question before it stopped at the door. The passengers alighted, were shewn into a room, and ordered breakfast. One place and one only was vacant, which having taken, I
joined

joined the company, and breakfasted along with them. After which we stow'd ourselves in the coach as conveniently as we could.

Being off the stones, and fairly upon the road,—“ And so, Mrs. PILCH (says “ Mr. DOWLASS, a linen-draper in Cheap- “ side) you are going to London, you “ say; but what makes you bring them “ there children along with you; they are “ wery expensive upon the road, and “ werry inconvenient too.”—“ O, Sir, “ (replied the poor Woman) I am obliged “ to take them with me, and the more is “ the pity; and what is still worse, I am “ afraid I must soon part with them for “ ever.” The poor creature wept; which being observed by the children, after saying, “ Why do you cry, mammy,” they burst into tears likewise. “ No, no, my “ dear babes, (continued she) I'll not lose “ you,

“ you, if I can help it. Your poor daddy
 “ charged me to bring you back, if the
 “ *Governors* would but allow me half the
 “ salary ; and I don’t think I can leave
 “ you if they won’t give me a shilling.”

“ O ! (said Mr. DOWLESS) now you
 “ mention *Governors*, I suppose these here
 “ children are some nurselings, belong-
 “ ing to the Foundling Hospital.”—
 “ Yes, Sir,(replied the good Woman) they
 “ are indeed, and now they are *called in* ;
 “ but it almost breaks my heart to think
 “ of parting with them, for I love them
 “ as well as any of my own.”

Mr. JONES, a gentleman who sat oppo-
 site, and who seemed absorbed in thought,
 put out his hand, and dropped ten or a
 dozen shillings into the nurse’s lap, which
 he had forgot to put into his pocket when
 he took his change at the inn. “ How
 “ now

“ now, Sir ! (said DOWGLASS) you’ve made
 “ a mistake, I believe ; why you’ve given
 “ the woman a handful of silver”—“ I
 “ thought they had been half-pence
 “ (says JONES) but ’tis all one ;—she
 “ deserves them. Who says that an En-
 “ glish matron may not vie with the
 “ boasted one of Rome ?”

Miss POLLY PERTLY observed, “ that
 “ she thought it extremely odd that peo-
 “ ple could be so fond of dirty brats
 “ that did not belong to them ; that for
 “ her part, she could not help thinking
 “ but that those who countenanced them,
 “ were no better than they should be ;
 “ and that she should not be sorry if the
 “ Foundling hospital was all in a blaze,
 “ for that it was only an encouragement to
 “ whoreing.” But, indeed, such an ex-
 pression was not much to be wondered at,
 when we consider that it was uttered by
 what

what the world in civility commonly call an *Old Maid*; for Miss PERTLY was at least forty years of age; possessed of all the virtuous notions of unmarried ladies of that period of life, and yet in reality full as wanton as a girl of sixteen.

The nurse's feelings, however, were of another nature. "Ah! Madam, (cry'd she) you perhaps never had any children of your own; you do not know what it is to suckle a child. These poor babes have neither father nor mother to protect them, and, were it not for the Hospital, and the affection of me and my poor husband, they would want even a morsel of bread." Miss PERTLY replied, that they might have both fathers and mothers, for what any body knew to the contrary. "Very true, Madam, (said the nurse) and, if they be living, God will judge them for abandoning

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“ doning these little helpless infants.”
Miss PERTLY replied,

“ Say, little foolish flutt’ring thing,
“ Little foolish flutt’ring thing.”

“ Do you mean to apply that to your-
“ self, Madam?” said Mr. Jones. “ O
“ no, Sir, (answered PROBE, a young sur-
“ geon, who was going to walk the hos-
“ pitals) that is a song in the *Padlock*, and
“ I should be glad if the lady would fa-
“ vour us with it.”

Mr. JONES sighed.—The lady sung the
song.—PROBE made her many pretty
compliments. — DOW LASS was polite
also in his way; but observed, that he
never spent a shilling on a play in his
life, and he was determined he never
would.—And JONES, after a short pause,
giving a hearty groan, seated one of the
children on his knee, and the other be-
tween

tween his legs; and then fell back in the coach, as if he was desirous of abstracting himself from all the rest of the company.

A broken, mixed, and disjointed conversation, with frequent intervals of silence and sleep, (which is generally the case, among passengers in these public vehicles) filled up most of our time. Miss PERTLY, indeed, prated apace; but every now and then she and PROBE maintained a dumb dialogue, if I may be admitted the term, with wonderful spirit. She ogled;—he leared;—she nodded;—he smacked the palm of his hand, and blew the precious kiss towards her. Pretending that his leg was cramped, he wedged his knee between hers; and now and then, by way of amusement, they played at *pit-a-pat* with their hands, first upon his thigh and then upon hers.

When we arrived at the inn where the passengers usually dine, Miss PERTLY ordered a fricassée of rabbits to be added to the bill of fare, because, forsooth, she was not accustomed to dine on roast-beef and plumb-pudding alone. The cook was very expeditious; the dinner was served up; and, taking her proper place at the head of the table, the lady observed, that she was very glad the nurse and the two foundlings dined in the kitchen; adding, that she could not conceive why stage-coaches were stuffed with such trumpery. Mr. JONES gave her a look of contempt; but PROBE made her happy with a sweet smile of approbation; while DOWLASS was busy in tucking a napkin into the upper button-hole of his coat.

The major part of the company would have been content to drink good table-beer, and a bottle or two of Port; but
Mr.

Mr. PROBE insisted that Miss PERTLY should declare whether she chose Madeira or Champain. The prudent DOWLESS immediately renounced being concerned in either; and Mr. JONES, after observing that a sensible man might spend what money he had to spare to greater advantage; eat up his dinner, and withdrew into the kitchen, to see that the children had their bellies full. However, the Champain was called for, and the landlord produced an excellent pottle of Staffordshire perry, which they declared to be the THING—the only Nectar for people of the true *bon-ton*.

After the table was cleared, Mr. DOWLESS, who had advanced towards the fire with an intent to light his pipe, observed a map of London hanging over the chimney-piece, and, addressing himself to me, said, “I suppose, Sir, you are very well

“acquainted with London?” I answered, that I had never seen London in my
 “life. What! cry’d he, amazed; step here
 “then, and I’ll shew you London in a minute. You shall know it. See here, Sir!
 “this is a map of the whole city. There,
 “there, that is St. Paul’s church, — that
 “is the bookseller’s at one corner of the
 “church-yard,—and that is the trunk-maker’s at the tother.—Now this is Cheap-
 “side, lookye,—that is Bow-church,—
 “why, I was born within the sound of Bow
 “bell; — and there,—just there, — you
 “see that little nook,—that is my shop;
 “where I shall be very glad to see you
 “when you come to town.”

I thanked my communicative fellow-traveller, and promised to wait upon him. He took a printed card out of his pocket, lest I should forget his name and place of abode; and said, that, if I wanted

ed any thing in his way, he would serve me as reasonably as any man in the kingdom.

Surely the inhabitants of London are vastly polite; for while DOWLASS and I were talking about Bow-church and Cheapside, Miss PERTLY was informing her gallant of her situation at the west end of the town, and warmly solicited him to do her the honour of a visit.

And now, all being ready, we bundled into the coach again. DOWLASS for some time talked largely of his extensive dealings; of his stock in the funds; and of his importance as a citizen: He said, that he had had the honour of representing Cheap-ward in common-council for ten years *successfully*. But he was silenced at length by Miss PERTLY, who gave us a very copious account of the amusements of

the Opera-house, Mrs. Cornelys's, and the Theatres Royal, with which young PROBE seemed quite ravished. Nobody else could speak a word, for her tongue ran incessantly;—now singing,—now babbling a parcel of incoherent sentences,—and now, again, warbling the scraps of a few songs. All this, which PROBE looked upon as vivacity, I believe Mr. JONES considered as impertinence; for, taking some gingerbread-nuts out of his pocket, he divided them equally between the two children, and desired them to let him hear if they could not sing as pretty a song as the lady; whereupon the one gave us the old ballad of the London 'Prentice, and the other sung the King and the Tinker.

Whether Miss PERTLY was offended at the artless strains of the two foundlings, or whether she thought us too low and vulgar for her to associate with, I know not; but,

but, being arrived at the end of the stage, she and the young surgeon went into a private room and supped by themselves. No one was mortified at this, as her room was much more agreeable than her company. The evening passed away pleasantly enough, except that I sometimes reflected upon my unhappy situation, and the dear creature that I was leaving behind me. Mr. DOWLESS entertained us with a very minute account of the Lord Mayor's show, and the two celebrated giants in Guildhall, called Gog and Magog; and Mr. JONES amused himself with playing at marbles with the two children.

Towards bed-time, however, a circumstance happened that surprized me. The door of the room wherein PROBE and the lady supped, was directly opposite to that in which we were; and having an occasion to withdraw for a few minutes, on my return, I unfortunately chanced to

turn to the left instead of the right, and, opening the door, discovered the young Surgeon and his Inamorata, how—I shall not blot this page by describing.

Whether I was possessed by “a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,” I know not; but I scarce closed my eyes the whole night long. I sometimes upbraided my own folly in leaving home so precipitately; — sometimes, dozing a little, I imagined myself in the company of Miss THORNTON; and then, starting suddenly, the dear delusion vanished. Sometimes SYLVIA appeared before me, tenderly solliciting my return; but I no sooner thought that I embraced her, and complied, than, waking, I found myself *all alone by myself*.

Day-light at length returning, these idle frenzies vanished. I arose, and coming

ing down into the yard, found the ostler in the stable harnessing his horses ; he informed me that we should set off in about half an hour, and I desired him to tell the coachman that I should walk gently forward a little way upon the road.

Having proceeded about a mile and a half, I turned round, but could perceive no carriage following me. However, I still kept on, and, coming to a very dirty lane, I stepped over a stile into a foot-path that seemed to run parallel with the highway. Whether my mind was still so much occupied with the idea of my dear angel as to bereave me of my senses, or whether the coach passed me under cover of the thick hedge that parted the fields and the lanes, I am still at a loss to determine ; but, observing a little house at the top of a hill, close by the road side, I pushed forward, and soon obtained the summit. From one
corner

corner of the house hung a board, inscribed with the following couplets, (“spelt by
“th’ unletter’d muse”) viz.

“Ale, wine, cyder, punch, and home-brew’d beer,

“And spiritual liquors sold here.

“And if my name you would discover,

“’Tis, carpenter and joiner, Richard Glover.”

Upon asking the good house-wife, who was scouring her milking-pails at the door, whether the coach was gone by, she informed me, that it was at least two miles before me; but that, if I made haste, I might catch it at the next stage, where the company breakfasted, and which was not above six miles farther.

Well;—it could not be remedied. I took a little refreshment, and pursued my journey on foot. After walking about four miles, I came up with three young men, who, (I suppose, not being much more accustomed to walking than myself)

were

were resting themselves upon a bank of a hedge. They hailed me with, "What road, " Sir ?" I answered, "Towards London." "And so are we, (said one of them) and, " if you chuse to take company, we'll all " go together." It was agreed; and I quickly learnt that NED NOSEY, JACK BRAG, and ARCHY TYPE, were the names of these jolly boys. NED sung an excellent song; JACK was a great egotist, and perpetually talking of himself; and ARCHY was bluff and rude, but withal extremely sensible. JACK's father was a printer in the country, who, being desirous of making his son a complete workman, had bound him apprentice to the father of ARCHY, who lived in London, and was very eminent in the same profession; and NED was the son of a tobacconist in Fleetstreet.

It is a general custom, I believe, when boys have served half their apprenticeships,

ticships, to indulge them with a week or a fortnight's holidays, that they may have an opportunity of seeing their friends; and JACK BRAG, who had been upon a visit of this kind, had taken his two companions along with him, and, their jubilee being over, they were now upon their return.

JACK, among other qualifications that he pretended to, talked much of his abilities in walking, and was constantly urging us forward, tho' at the same time almost ready to die for want of breath. But ARCHY, on the other hand, who had no ambition to be thought a man of agility, proposed privately to NED and me, that whenever he sat down to rest himself, we should do the same; and that when either of us were tired, he in return would wait for us. This produced three or four halts in the space of a mile, which gave JACK an opportunity of compliment-
ing

ing himself ; he exulted mightily, called us a parcel of poor creatures, and said he could walk a dozen of us to death, while we only laughed at his ridiculous importance.

But now being arrived at a little village, NED discovered a very convenient bench at the door of a hedge ale-house, and down he sat, while ARCHY and I placed ourselves close by him. The man of the house sold a cup of good ale ; ARCHY desired to taste it, and JACK and NED said they were bloody hungry. The beer was good, and therefore we agreed to stay and dine upon bacon and eggs, the only eatables to be obtained.

We made a hearty meal, however ; and JACK, having got a good skinful of ale, seemed less pressing to be the foremost upon the road ; he only advised us to endeavour

deavour to reach the next town, which was at the distance of about two miles, and there we might probably meet with a carriage of some sort or other, that would give us a lift. But we were not so fortunate. We were informed, indeed, that, if we had arrived ten minutes sooner, we might have taken the advantage of two returning post-chaises. “Demme, (said ARCHY) I never travelled in a post-
 “ chaise in my life; suppose, for once, we
 “ order one, by way of a frolick.” —
 “ With all my heart, gentlemen, (quoth
 “ I) for I protest that I like a post-chaise
 “ much better than walking; but you will
 “ please to remember that there are four of
 “ us, therefore two chaises will be necessa-
 “ ry, and perhaps these will be too expen-
 “ sive.” “ D—mn the expence, (cry’d
 “ ARCHY) let’s have two then, — we
 “ sha’n’t think of the expence when we get
 “ to London.”

The

The chaises were ordered; JACK and ARCHY got into one, NED and I stepped into the other, and away we went. "Keep thy money close in thy fist, BOB, (thought I) pay no turnpikes nor road-bills, my boy, least NED and his companions prove as dishonest as Mess. ORESTES and PYLADES."

ARCHY and JACK hooped and hollowed all down the town, and NED struck up a good brisk song; while the people all ran to their shop-doors, taking us, I suppose, for a parcel of madmen. But coming to a mile-stone, NED interrupted his own song with this serious parenthesis, "*There goes one Shilling!*" and then resumed his strain, but in a key not quite so loud as before. Another mile-stone appeared: "*There goes two Shillings!*" (quoth NED, —this is a very agreeable way of travelling truly; —well, I don't care, demme; if I have not money enough in
my

“ my pocket, I know they won’t let me
 “ stick in the mud.” By and by a third
 mile-stone popt up its head. “ *There goes*
 “ *three Shillings!* (cry’d NED again) —
 “ Well, it don’t signify for once and away;
 “ For why should we quarrel for riches,
 “ Or any such glittering toys;
 “ A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
 “ Go thorough the world, brave boys.”

In this agreeable manner the time passed
 away till we arrived at the destined stage.
 It was the best inn upon the road. The
 clatter of the chaises up the inn-yard
 brought out the landlord with a couple of
 candles, and we were, according to the
 custom of the house, ushered into a room,
 with as much ceremony as DAVID GAR-
 RICK or GEORGE COLMAN are wont to dis-
 play, when they light the King into the
 royal boxes at the play-houses.

“ This seems to be an excellent inn
 “ (quoth ARCHY); come, we must do
 “ some

“some business here, or else they won’t
 “thank us for our custom. D’ye hear,
 “waiter !——bring us a bottle of Port.”

While we were drinking the wine, the cook was ordered to dress a couple of ducks for supper. I could not help smiling when they were put upon the table. A very jemmy waiter attended us ; and after we were seated, “Come, Sir, (quoth I) will
 “you be so obliging as to cut up the
 “ducks ?” ——“O no, Sir, I beg—pray,
 “do you, Sir.” ——“Excuse me, Sir, they
 “are in much better hands.” In this manner they went round the table. But ARCHY (who was not fond of ceremony, who was conscious that he could not dissect the ducks himself, and who plainly perceived that the rest of the company were not a bit better qualified to do the honours of the table) beckoned to the waiter, and told him that he needed not
 to

to attend, for that we would serve ourselves with what we wanted. As soon as the fellow's back was turned, ARCHY chined the two ducks, and, giving each of us the half of one, asked, if we did not think him an excellent carver.

“But, demme, (cry'd ARCHY, interrupting the festivity of the evening) this
 “wont do, I believe;——we shall never
 “find money enough to reach London
 “in post-chaifes;—how stand your pocket-
 “ets? for faith I am but lowish, and we
 “have a long way to go, you know.”
 Each man except myself, I believe, shewed the real strength of his purse; for I confess I was a few guineas richer than I pretended. Whereupon, they all concluded that it was impossible to travel any farther in so sumptuous a manner. “And yet, (quoth
 “ARCHY) what the devil can we do? for
 “it will appear very strange that we
 “should

“ should bowl into the house to-night in
 “ chaises, and live away like the sons of
 “ petty Kings, and, after-all this, set out
 “ to-morrow morning on foot.” “Never
 “ mind, (replied JACK) push about the
 “ bottle, my boy ;——we’ll pay the reck-
 “ oning to-night, and fulfil the scripture ;
 “ —we’ll *take no Thought for the morrow.*”

In the morning, however, it was thought
 necessary that we should lay our heads to-
 gether a little, in order to form an eligible
 plan of operations. After some debate,
 “ I have it, egad ! (quoth JACK) ; my fa-
 “ ther prints a news-paper in the country,
 “ you know ; he has an exprefs weekly
 “ from London, and the man who for-
 “ wards it lives only four or five miles
 “ farther : if, therefore, we could only
 “ contrive a method of getting genteelly
 “ out of the house, we should soon be
 “ there, and then I know he would set
 “ us

“ us forward.” “ A pox on’t, (cry’d AR-
 “ CHY) if that’s the case then, we’ll settle
 “ the point in a minute.” He rang the
 bell, and, when the waiter appeared, he
 told him, that we expected three or four
 gentlemen to call upon us ; but, as we
 were strangers, and chose to take a survey
 of the town, if they arrived before our re-
 turn, he was to acquaint them that we
 should be back in an hour.

Thus we departed, without being
 suspected of the heinous sin of poverty ;
 and, as nothing singular befel us upon the
 road, it will be sufficient to say, that in an
 hour and a half we reached the habitation
 of honest HOBNAIL. He was by trade a
 farrier, and we found him busy at his
 forge. As soon as he saw JACK BRAG, he
 laid down his hammer, insisted on our
 walking into the house, and placed before
 us some bread and cheese, a cold apple-
 pie

pie in a brown dish, and a pitcher of ale. While we were breakfasting, JACK enquired of Master HOBNAIL, Whether his horses stood sound? and was informed that they were all in brave order; that three of them were at work on the high-road, and the fourth stood in the stable.

JACK shook his head, and said it was d—n'd unlucky. “Unlucky, Master! “ (cry'd HOBNAIL) you don't understand “ me; I say my horses are all tight and “ sound.” “Aye, (quoth JACK) but “ three of them are out, you say; and, to “ tell you the truth, we are quite broken “ down, and wretchedly tired with walk- “ ing.” “O, (replied the farrier) if that's “ all, you shall never want a cast, while I “ have a horse that will stand upon four “ legs; I'll put Punch into the cart, and “ take you ten or a dozen miles with all “ my heart.”

The

The poor man made us the best offer in his power ; we took him at his word ; and he was so obliging as to drive us himself.

One circumstance, indeed, we ought to have been previously acquainted with ; and that was, that Master HOBNAIL had the honour of being an overseer of the parish in which he resided : For we had no sooner taken our places in the cart, than a parcel of people gathered about us, and taking us to be common vagrants or paupers, enquired to what parish we were to be passed.

This was mortifying enough, to be sure ; but no matter :—we seated ourselves upon some comfortable clean straw in the cart ; HOBNAIL drove away ;—NED NOSEY sang a merry song ;—while a saucy shop-keeper observed, that we were a parcel of the merriest beggars he ever beheld.

HOBNAIL

HOBNAIL rattled us along, and, as our feet were a little sore, any kind of vehicle was more agreeable than walking. However, he had not driven us more than five miles, before we were overtaken by an empty chaise. We agreed with the driver to take us all to the end of his stage for eighteen-pence a-piece. As he had more regard to his own advantage than to the health of his master's horses, he consequently thought himself lucky in picking up the job; and we were presently whirled ten miles farther, to our great ease and comfort.

But the nearer we approached the metropolis, the less were the difficulties of conveyance. We seldom walked above a mile or two, without having an opportunity of getting upon the roof of a stage-coach, or slipping into a returning chaise. Thus we proceeded for two days, and in

the evening arrived safe at the Crown at Uxbridge.

We had lived away so freely, that in the morning my companions could only muster two shillings and nine-pence among them all : However, as we were now but a little way from London, ARCHY proposed that we should call for a half-crown bowl of negus, and give the odd three-pence to the waiter.

As merry as Greeks, without a souce in their pockets, they proceeded on foot as far as Hillington, and I accompanied them. ARCHY's father had a country-house on the left-hand side of the common ; and as he recollected, that, in all probability, his mother might be there, he was determined, like a good boy, to go and enquire after her health, and shoved us into an ale-house, to wait till he came back.

H

He

He was not long absent. He came into the house with a "Demme, what, have you got nothing to drink?—Come, landlord, dress us some beef-steaks and onions, and make us a crown bowl of punch;" and then, turning to us,—“I got upon the blind side of her, (quoth he) I’ve touched her for a guinea, demme.”

NED cut a caper, and began to sing like a lark; and the landlord, who had looked a little coolly upon us during ARCHY’s absence, now bustled about, and behaved with great civility.

Here we staid, and were very happy, till one of the western stages came by. We mounted, as usual, upon the roof, and in the evening were set down at Tyburn-turnpike. As we walked down Oxford-street, ARCHY asked me to what part of the town I was going? I answered, that

I did not know; and that, as I was quite a stranger in London, I should be glad if he could recommend me to some good inn, till I could suit myself with a private lodging. "O! (said he) I'll shew you the " Bolt and Ton, in Fleet-street,—'tis just " by my Father's house,—and to-morrow " I'll provide a lodging for you myself."

CHAP.



C H A P. XXII.

The Author is unexpectedly employed in a literary Capacity.—A Scene in Covent-Garden.—The Character of Mr. Type.

MY friend ARCHY kept his word with me; he called upon me the next day, and took me to a widow's in Salisbury court, who kept a reputable lodging-house, and with whom we made a bargain for two small rooms on the third story, at the moderate rent of five shillings a week.

This necessary business being settled, Master ARCHY took me to the Globe, where we drank a glass of wine together. He then enquired how long I thought of staying in London? Whether I came to

settle there; and, if I did, whether he could render me any service? These questions confounded me. I reflected, that I was now in a strange place, unknown and unknown to every body, with very little money in my purse, and without the means of procuring more. He marked my countenance; and, perceiving that I was greatly disturbed, swore that he would not leave me till he was informed of the cause of my uneasiness: Whereupon I gave him an account of the principal incidents of my life, from the time of my being entered at the university. When I had finished my story, he swore he was glad on't. He rang the bell, called for another pint of wine, and then told me, that he could put me into such a situation as would keep life and soul together, till a reconciliation could be brought about between me and my friends. "I understand," (said he) "that you have had a liberal

"beral education. Now, my father has
 "long wanted such a person in his house,
 "as a corrector of the press; for our busi-
 "ness is so extensive, that it is more than
 "both he and I can manage with that ac-
 "curacy we could wish. What say you,
 "Sir? If you like my offer, we will
 "drink up our wine, and I will introduce
 "you to him directly."

Egad! I thought this a very happy of-
 fer, and therefore took him at his word.
 He brought me to his father's house,
 whom we found busy with a multitude
 of papers before him, and the tables and
 one part of the room bestrewed with books
 and pamphlets. ARCHY soon made us
 acquainted. Mr. TYPE pressed me to eat
 a bit of mutton with him; and after din-
 ner he explained to me the nature of the
 business in which I was to embark, and
 agreed, if I performed it to his satisfac-

tion, to allow me a guinea and a half a week."

Bravo! (thought I) this is a good beginning, faith; for a guinea and a half a week will keep me from starving at least. "Perhaps, (says ARCHY) you never saw a printing-office, Sir;—if you'll walk up stairs, I'll shew you something of printing." "Aye, do, ARCH, (cry'd Mr. TYPE) and ask whether the proof of *Theocritus* is ready." I made my obedience, and ARCHY and I withdrew.

We found JACK BRAG, our fellow-traveller, at work. JACK was surprized to see me there; but, on ARCHY's informing him of my new occupation, he swore we should drink together. ARCHY agreed;—he told JACK that we would step over to the Horns, and bade him take an opportunity of slipping after us.

JACK

JACK presently appeared, with NED NOSEY in his hand; but we did not stay long, because ARCHY recollected that he had an engagement upon his hands with a fair lady in Russel-street, and he bluntly invited us to go along with him; swearing, at the same time, that she was the finest girl in the kingdom. This lady was certainly of high rate; for she occupied very handsome lodgings on the first floor. She was remarkably pretty, and was doubtless in a good way of business; for, by the elegance of the furniture, she could not pay less than two guineas a week for her apartments. She kindly invited us to drink tea with her, telling ARCHY at the same time, that she expected three or four ladies of her acquaintance every minute.

The ladies soon after appeared, with whom ARCHY seemed very well acquainted.

ed. JACK, without ceremony, pulled one of them upon his knees; NED took the other, and the third sat down close at my elbow. I now began to suspect what sort of a place I was introduced to. "Demme, (says ARCHY) what, are you "stupid! why don't you salute the lady?" I had no sooner laid hold of her, than my conscience reproved me. "Ah, wretch! "(said I to myself) canst thou so soon forget "the dear, the virtuous Miss THORNTON, "and kiss that polluted hand!"

"Ladies, (says ARCHY, upon obser-
"ving my confusion) this modest gentle-
"man is but just come to town, so you
"must have a little mercy upon him; but
"I'll break him in by and by, I warrant
"you." The Lady of the house then ob-
served, that she thought I had not been
much accustomed to company.

I must

I must, however, do myself and my companions the justice to declare, that our visit was really innocent; and that about nine o'clock we returned, and spent the evening at the Horns. As we were walking along the streets, JACK observed to ARCHY, that he had got a sweet girl there. "Demme, (replied ARCHY) I suppose you're a little in love now; but I would have you take care how you come on, or else, take my word for it, you'll get something to keep you warm: She has tipt me a favour already."

JACK shrewdly thought, I believe, that ARCHY only threw this out with an intent to keep the Lady to himself, and to prevent his having any connection with her. Be this as it may, he told us, about a week after, that "he wished the d—n'd b—h in Russel-street was at the devil."

My assiduity in business (and I speak it without vanity) was irreproachable, and Mr. TYPE was well satisfied with my care and attention. He began, in time, to entertain a regard for me; and, from a singularity of disposition, as that regard increased, the courtesy of his behaviour diminished. When we were first connected, our conversation was always strictly civil and polite; yet, in a little time, he could scarce speak to me without damning me for a fool or a blockhead, and threatening to kick me out of the room. But to all this I paid little attention; for I had daily instances of the benevolence and sincerity of his heart, and he was in reality a father to me.

If his education was not what the schoolmen call classical, it was superior; for he was well acquainted with the great volume of human life. His reading, nevertheless,

vertheless, from the nature of his business, had been extensive; and he had, in a wonderful manner, sifted the flour from the bran. He was shrewd, sensible, and manly; yet warm, satirical, and severe. He said many good things, but his wit favoured rather too much of the *snip-snap*; and, instead of a poignant obliquity, was generally sour and morose.—I speak from experience.—And, to close his character, I declare, that he has dissected me with short witticisms, in the same moment that he was making me master of his purse.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXIII.

Through the Friendship and Influence of Mr.

TYPE, the Author becomes a Man of Literary Eminence.

ALTHOUGH Mr. TYPE found me of singular service to him, yet his philanthropy urged him, even against his own interest, to push me forward in the world. “It does not signify talking, (says he one morning at breakfast) but, if you were not one of the d—n’dest ideots in the world, I would make a man of you. Why the devil do you stay here, spending your time for a guinea and a half a-week?—But you were born a fool, and a fool you will remain as long as you live.”

“Why

“Why, d——n it, (quoth I) what the devil would you have me do?”—(for by this time I had learnt to talk to him in his own way, and he liked me the better for it.) “Do! you scoundrel, (cried he)—“why put on a clean shirt, and go with me into Pater-noster Row.”

I obeyed the command, and, having cleaned myself, and put a little powder in my hair, attended upon Mr TYPE; though I could not conceive what scheme he had formed, that would turn out so much to my advantage. But, however, he first of all introduced me to Mr. SMUTT, one of the most eminent book-fellers in London, and of whom very honourable mention has been already made in the introduction to these volumes. He displayed my learning and abilities, and insisted, that in a short time I should become one of the most celebrated authors of the age.

“Ah!

" Ah! (cried SMUTT, shaking his head)
 " there are more beggarly authors already
 " than can live, you know. But what can
 " your friend do? Can he vamp up an old
 " publication in such a manner, as that all
 " the world shall swear that it is original?
 " Is he fit to be trusted with a compila-
 " tion, or an abridgment? Do you think he
 " can *make* me a good Cookery-Book be-
 " tween this and the Christmas holidays?
 " If he can, he may set about it directly,
 " and I'll send him a bagful of materials
 " in an hour. There will be no risk in
 " that, for I know that people will buy
 " Cookery-Books as long as they have
 " mouths to eat with."

Mr. TYPE vouched for my executing
 this important business to the utmost of
 SMUTT's expectation or wishes. But, tak-
 ing my friend a little aside, "A Cookery-
 " Book! Sir, (said I)—faith you must ex-
 " cuse

“ cuse me ;—I can’t think of descending
 “ into the kitchen ;—besides, I know no-
 “ thing of the matter.” “ Descending
 “ into the kitchen ! (cry’d TYPE,) staring
 “ me full in the face) why, you saucy
 “ scoundrel, you give yourself fine airs !
 “ What the devil’s the matter that you
 “ can’t condescend to write a Cookery-
 “ Book, when my friend Dr. J—N H—LL
 “ did not disdain the task, but kindly
 “ obliged the world with three large
 “ octavo volumes, under the title of the
 “ *British Housewife*, and under the ficti-
 “ tious name of Mrs. *Martha Bradley*.
 “ And as for your not understanding the
 “ subject,—that’s all a joke,—for there is
 “ no knowledge necessary.”

My kind friend then made me known
 not only to most of the other booksellers
 in the *Row*, (as they call it) but in St.
 Paul’s Church-Yard likewise ; and I had
 a very

a very fine prospect of constant employment. On my return home, I found forty-nine volumes upon my table; and, looking into them, I observed that they all treated upon the culinary art. Bless me! (thought I) what the devil can induce Mr. SMUTT to publish a new Cookery-Book, when there is a sufficiency here to supply the whole nation! Among the rest, I met with the *British Housewife*;—when, opening the book at random, my eyes were saluted with this extraordinary discovery, viz.

“*Boiling is the art of dressing victuals by ebullition.*” “Amazing! (cry’d I, shutting up the book) and worthy of the great author.”

However, having provided pens, ink, and paper, I attempted to say something clever by way of Introduction; something demonstrative of the usefulness and necessity

cessity of the art of Cookery ; but I hardly knew how to begin.

Mrs. THOMAS, (for that was the gentlewoman's name with whom I lodged) used frequently to come into my room and chat with me ; and she would sometimes bring her sowing or her knitting, and entertain me with a variety of stories. She had now, however, got a skean of worsted hitched upon the back of a chair ; and, whether she had not got hold of the right end of the string, or from what other cause it happened, I know not, but the skean was so tangled, that she knew not what to make of it. All this I beheld with silence ; and I could not help thinking that she and I were in a similar situation. An Author, (said I to myself) if he happens to begin at the wrong end of his argument, or is at a loss for ideas, is just like my landlady and her tangled skean of worsted.

However,

However, we both pursued our labours with great patience ; and, by the time Mrs. THOMAS had wound up the bottom, I had pleased myself tolerably well with an Introductory Chapter to my book : And this being accomplished, my labour became very easy and familiar ; for I had nothing to do but to turn to the Indexes of three or four of the volumes, and transcribe such receipts, as I, in my great judgment, liked best.

In about four days the whole was completed, and ready for the press ; and, on taking my performance to Mr. SMUTT, he seemed surprized at my expedition, and said, he did not doubt but that I was a clever fellow indeed, if I had done justice to the subject already. He then ordered me to leave my papers for his perusal. “ For his perusal ! ” Yes, gentle reader ;—the booksellers are the sole arbiters of
literary

literary merit. He was, nevertheless, very careful of keeping his money; for, instead of paying me, as I expected, he seemed to make a merit of letting me have half a guinea upon account.

By the interest of my friend TYPE, and by my own exalted merit, I soon became eminent in my profession. I was intimately acquainted with all the scribbling wits of the age, from POMPOSO, the famous English Lexicographer, down to WILL OSBORNE and JACK SWAN, the no less famous collectors of paragraphs for the News-papers. I produced "A New and Complete History of England, from the Descent of Julius Cæsar, to the Accession of George the Third," in six weeks. I travelled twice to the Levant, visited Palmyra, Balbec, and Cairo, and took the exact altitude and dimensions of the celebrated pyramids of Ægypt; nay,
I have

I have three times visited the continent of America, sailed through the Streights of Magellan, and returned home by the East-Indies, and all without ever leaving my own elevated mansion.

But all this was mere play to me. This was only cutting and pasting, as I used to call it : For when I met with any passages in preceding authors that suited my present purpose, without ceremony I cut the books to pieces, and, by adding a connecting sentence or two of my own, tacked the copy together with pins and wafers, and sent it to the press.

I have frequently stolen the plot, the incidents, the characters, and the catastrophe of a Novel, from some old obsolete Play ; and the impression has been as frequently swallowed up by the numerous proprietors of our circulating libraries

ries and others, in the course of a fortnight.

In politics I was superior. I confess, and I cannot help pluming myself upon it at the same time, that I have frequently produced a political pamphlet in one day, that has been in the hands of every body. Within a week, a second production of mine has proved the former to be futile and insignificant; and, at the end of a fortnight, I have plainly demonstrated that they were both fallacious.

My political abilities, in time, brought me acquainted with the two W——LL's, and C——s S——y; a glorious triumvirate, who led more fools by the nose than all the men in England besides. They courted my favours very strenuously, and I found my account in entering into their service; and I believe they are ready to confess, that, notwithstanding my salary
 from

from them was very handsome, they still lie under many obligations to me; for I could assist them at every emergency. They knew very well also, that, of all their numerous correspondents, I alone was the happy person that had hit upon the right track; for I could

——— dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute :

For when my friend G—E G—V—LLE thought it expedient to tax the Americans, I immediately saw clearly the necessity of the measure, and I joined the cry of "*Tax the Americans.*" When Lord R—K—CH—M declared for relieving his Majesty's subjects on the other side of the Atlantic, I as clearly perceived, that, if his advice was not put in execution, all our commerce with that part of the world would be at an end.

more

And

And when another minister advised other taxes, to be collected by a mode somewhat more eligible than the former, upon the Americans still obstinately insisting upon the natural rights of men and Britons, I was one of the first who gave my voice for dragooning them into obedience, that the dignity of the crown might be properly supported.

Whoever was Premier, I was his man; by which means my reward was doubled: For while I received my monthly stipend from the Printers of the Morning Papers, I frequently favoured also orders upon the Treasury, from a long succession of P——E M———RS.

I have, moreover, compiled Dictionaries in all languages, arts, and sciences; and there is scarce any subject, whether in Antiquity, Natural History, or Philo-

VOL II.

I

sophy,

SONGER BROTHER.

sophy, that has not come under my care, and been afterwards retailed to the world in six-penny numbers. I confess, however, that I never meddled with Divinity, and for this plain reason, because Mr. SMUTT had often told me that it was become a mere drugg in a bookseller's shop ; and that there never was a farthing got by any Theological writings, except by the works of John Bunyan, George Whitfield, John Westley, and Goadby's Illustration of the Bible.

In short, (although the reader may, perhaps, be astonished when I aver it) I have been, at one and the same time, the Fabricator of a News paper, the compiler of a Technical Dictionary, the maker of a Magazine, the doer of a collection of Voyages to all the known parts of the world ; and the writer of a Novel ; exclusive of many other fugitive pieces in prose and verse.

And

And now my friend TYPE, who had long looked up towards me with pleasure and admiration, advanced me to the very pinnacle of fame. He placed me on the throne of literature, by appointing me an Editor in the *Critical Review*. In this glorious and much-envied department, I had an opportunity of extolling my own productions to the skies, and of damning those of others, when they happened to be upon similar subjects : Though, I confess, that, for my impertinence, I have suffered myself (and perhaps with a great deal of justice) to be three times kicked upon a very honourable part of the body, twice caned out of a coffee-house, and once publickly to ask pardon, rather than meet the party aggrieved behind Montague-house.

But, with regard to my business as a Reviewer, I had, in general, a very speedy and facile method of dispatching it. The

first thing was to look into the *Preface* of the Book that was under the dissecting-knife, or into *The Introduction to the Reader* (for our modern writers generally give us a very copious programma); and by this means I could very shrewdly guess at the design and purpose of the author. And then, as it was sometimes supposed necessary, (in order to give the reader a tolerable idea of the execution of the work) that a few extracts should be produced, I generally closed the volume; and, sticking a pin between the leaves at random, opened it again in that place, and transcribed a paragraph or two of the matter. I have, indeed, been often censured in the public prints, as well as by private letters, for the partiality of my extracts; but I now appeal to all the world if any method could possibly be devised that would be more strictly impartial.

C H A P.



C H A P. XXIV.

The Author's Amusements and Relaxations.

BUT no human constitution would have been able to sustain such immense labours of the mind, without *unstringing the bow* a little; and, therefore, it is unnecessary to inform the reader, that I had my hours of relaxation. My evenings were generally spent either among my brain-spinning brethren, or in the company of my sincere friends ARCHY and JACK BRAG. We had many strange frolics, and whimsical adventures together; but, as I presume it would be sinking below myself, were I to display any scenes of wantonness in these sheets, I shall pass them all over in profound silence.

I frequently, also, when the weather would permit, took a walk to some of the neighbouring villages. I have drank tea at White-conduit House, and at the Long-room at Hampstead; and I have often rejoiced to think that we rivalled Rome with a Pantheon, and the celebrated groves of Academus with the Shakespeare Gardens.

I must also confess, that I have received great pleasure in contemplating the surprizing taste of our citizens in the contrivance of their villas. These are seldom detached, or situated in the middle of a green field; because the urbanity of the possessors might be in some measure destroyed by the first, and by the second they might probably wet their shoes with the morning and evening dews. They are generally, therefore, with much more propriety, built conti-
guous

guous to one another, on each side of a public road, by which means they have an agreeable prospect of every thing that passes and repasses : And who would not be smothered with dust now and then, for the sake of seeing who and who are together ?

With regard to their pleasure-gardens, O, they are admirable ! so neat, so snug, so compact ! so prettily divided into long slips, in an equal proportion to the width of each house ! the walks so artfully studded with cockle-shells ! and the whole so compleatly surrounded by a high brick-wall !!! — But one inconvenience however, I must confess, seems to present itself. It is this : That an innocent affair of gallantry cannot be carried on, or a lady go to sacrifice at the altar of Cloacina, without being subject to the inspec-

tion and observation of the whole neighbourhood, from the chamber-windows.

I have known some few Gentlemen, however, who have been so stupidly *countrified* as to study prospects, to bound their gardens by a Chinese paling, an ha-ha, or a fish-pond plentifully supplied from the draining of stables, and the ditches of the adjacent lanes and fields : Nay, some have carried their rusticity so far, as, (instead of planting their trees, shrubs, and flowers, in right lines) to drop them about in a promiscuous manner, as if they had sprung up spontaneously, and as if taste and art had nothing to do with plantations and pleasure-gardens.

To these delightful places do our citizens repair in the summer-evenings, to strew the briary road of business with flowers, and, for the sake of their health,
to

to sleep in the *country air*. In the morning they return, laden with green branches and bough-pots, and renew their daily toil with redoubled vigour. Every tradesman, almost, is ambitious of one of these retreats ; for it sounds well in his own ears, when he invites a friend or two to take a Sunday's dinner with him *at his country-house*.

And here I must do justice to the hospitality of my friend P——r W——te, of Newgate-street. I have spent many an agreeable Sunday with him ; though I think he was wont to use me a little shabbily in one respect ; for P——r, you must know, constantly mounted his little poney at his own door, and tittuped through the town to his *country-house* in *Rosamond's-Row*, and constantly left me to go on foot.

We have also an inferior order of citizens, who are extravagantly fond of the *country*, although their finances do not enable them to take a house to themselves : But they have an agreeable alternative ; they may hire a couple of rooms, or more, for the whole summer-season, at Hogsdon, Islington, or any of the neighbouring villages, where it is no uncommon thing to see half a dozen families in one house.



C H A P XXV.

The Author meets with an unexpected Disappointment.

BUT my ambition, as an author, made me most extravagantly vain. As yet, notwithstanding my high rank, I was not much talked of, and very little known, except among my fellow-labourers in book-making, some few Printers, and the Stationers-Company. I was, therefore, resolved to step forward, to do myself justice, and to display my abilities in their full meridian lustre.—I determined to write a Comedy ;—a Comedy that should put the whole town into a roar of laughter, and shew them how insignificant, in comparison of mine, were the productions of Jonson, Beaumont and

mont and Fletcher, Wycherley, Farquhar, Hoadley, and Cibber, even with a Shakespeare at the head of them ; nay, I made no doubt of out-doing that great literary phenomenon, HUGH KELLY himself.

But, even after my piece was finished, I met with a great deal more trouble, than, from its superior merit, I had a right to expect. I had formerly been intimately acquainted with little KING COLE, while he was a student of Christ-Church ; and, therefore, waited upon him, with my invaluable production, with as little reserve as I formerly used when I met with him at a coffee-house or a tavern.

“ O, GEORGE ! (cry’d I) how dost do,
 “ my boy ? I’m glad to see you, faith.—
 “ I’ve got something in my pocket here,
 “ that will be an estate to you ;—it will
 “ fill the house for the whole season ;—
 “ here it is, my prince ;—look at it.”

Zounds !

Zounds ! I was amazed at the coolness of the little fellow. He desired me to sit down, indeed,—dipped into a page or two here and there, —smiled, —and begged that I would leave it a few days for his perusal.

I waited upon him again in the course of a week, fully imagining that he had cast the parts of my comedy, and that it was actually in rehearsal. He looked grave ;—said there was something in it ;—but that, upon the whole, he thought it wanted many alterations and amendments. He insolently pretended to point out several absurdities in the plot. Many of the characters (he said) did not exist in nature ; the incidents were few and uninteresting ; the catastrophe ridiculous ; and that, to sum up all, it was void of any one moral document.

Heavens !

Heavens ! how I pitied his judgment ! However, these managers are great men, thought I, and I'll be governed by a fool for once. I took back my play ; modulated and remodulated, altered and re-altered it, till I apprehended it was just what he would have it to be.

I waited on him again, but was not much the nearer ; for he protested (and he pretended to be very much my friend at the same time) that it was now, if any thing, worse than it was before. My passion, upon this, got the better of my reason ; I had presumption enough to argue the case with him, and even hinted, that I looked upon my judgment to be equal to his. He nettled ; and I really believe, if I had not drawn in my horns, he would have given himself no farther trouble either about me or my comedy.

But

But we parted in good friendship at last, and I went to work again after his directions ; and on my next visit I thought he could have no objection to the piece ; yet we were as far off as ever. In short, after nineteen alterations, and nineteen different visits, I prevailed upon him to give it a fair reading ; when he frankly owned, that he had seen many worse performances ; adding, that he would tickle it up a little himself here and there, and then give it a fair trial at the tribunal of the public.

“ Many worse performances ! ” (thought I) the poor man raves, to be sure. I am mightily mistaken, if it is not superior to every thing the world has ever yet produced.

Well, after attending fourteen different rehearsals, the great day of exhibition arrived ;

rived; the glorious day that was to establish my reputation throughout all generations. The house filled, the music played, the prologue was received tolerably well, and the curtain drew up. Notwithstanding I was sure of applause, yet I could no help funking a little (as they call it) in the Green-Room. Nay, so confident was I of everlasting fame, that I previously inserted the following paragraph in all the public papers, viz.

“ We have it from undoubted authority, that the new comedy, which will soon appear at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, is written by Mr. _____.”

Yet, shame on the present taste of the times, my play was—damn’d!—damn’d at the conclusion of the first act.

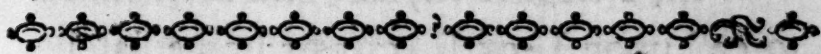
I cursed

I cursed my fortune, despised the audience, wished the whole house on fire, quarrelled with the Manager, and told him to his teeth, that, had he only performed my play exactly as it stood in the manuscript, when I first presented it to him, he would, without doubt, have made my fortune, and have established my reputation for ever : “ But, Sir, (added I) for
 “ this scandalous treatment, you may de-
 “ pend upon it, that I will never honour
 “ you with any other of my theatrical
 “ productions.” And so saying, I bounced out of the Green-Room, and left the house immediately.

I had no sooner got into the street, than
 “ Mr. RACKETT’s coach ! Mr. RACKETT’s
 “ coach ! ” saluted my ears. — Mr. RAC-
 KETT’s coach ! (said I) — the Devil ! Is
 JACK RACKETT in town then ! How long
 has he set up his carriage, I wonder ? The
 very

very sound of his name, however, caused all my resentment to subside ; I forgot that I had ever written a play, and that that play had been damn'd ; and, determining to be satisfied, I waited till I saw RACKETT hand a lady into the carriage, and then stop a moment to tell the servant to drive home.

Just as I was going to clasp my dear friend in my arms, I overheard a gentleman say, " That's he ;—that's the author !" and while I turned round my head, to see who it was that knew me, the coach drove away. I followed it, however, as fast as I could, and saw the company set down at a house in Pall-mall.



C H A P. XXVI.

*An Interview, at which the Reader may
either laugh or cry.*

WHITHER shall I run ! where,
where shall I take refuge ! where
shall I hide my head for ever !—Well,
well,—but I will be revenged upon an
ungrateful public,—for, by my soul, I'll
never write another comedy as long as I
live.

“ Comfort yourself, comfort yourself,
“ Sir, (said my landlady) you know king
“ David shaved himself, and put on clean
“ linen, in the middle of his afflictions,
“ and was comforted.”——“ Very true,
“ Mrs. THOMAS, (said I) and therefore
“ I'll be obliged to you if you'll air my
“ shirt a little.”

Well,

Well, I cleaned myself, and determined to call upon JACK RACKETT immediately. I borrowed a sword of HUGH KELLY, put my hair into a bag, and off I set towards St. James's. I thought I knew the house where the coach had stopped the preceding night; I knocked at the next door, but the servant knew nothing of the person I enquired after. I knocked at the next door, and at the doors of twenty different houses at least, but all in vain. Well, thought I, sure I have been dreaming that RACKETT was at the play-house last night. Aye, aye,—it must be so;—for dreams, they say, are the offspring of a distempered brain; and my head has been so much upon the rack for these twenty hours, that I scarce know whether I am not dreaming now.

“ Ha ! have I found you at last ! (cry'd

“ RACKETT, embracing me in the middle

“ of

“ of the street) — how long have I run
 “ about the town, in hopes of meeting
 “ with you !——but what’s the matter ?
 “ ——you don’t seem well.”

“ O RACKETT ! (cry’d I, weeping) my
 “ joy is inexpressible !——I am disturbed
 “ ——it is too much for me——let us
 “ step into the coffee-house.”

RACKETT also wept for joy ; and, taking me by the hand, conducted me to his own lodgings ; which I now found to be on the opposite side of the street to that on which I had made so many enquiries.

He led me into a parlour, and, after ordering the servant to bring in chocolate, said ;——“ Now I have found you, I
 “ will not let you go ; for you little
 “ know what anxieties and uneasinesses
 “ your

“your long absence has occasioned.
 “We will wait a little till you have
 “composed yourself, and then I will
 “prepare your sister for an interview.”

“My sister, Sir! (cry’d I) O heaven!
 “my happiness is complete——Is my
 “SYLVIA here?——Shall I once more
 “embrace my sister?”——A flood of
 tears succeeded.——But, having recovered
 myself a little, I asked how it happened
 that she was in London. “Why, my
 “dear Sir, (replied RACKETT) we have
 “been married these twenty months; and
 “as some few babby-cloaths will be shortly
 “wanting, Mrs. RACKETT chose to
 “suit herself in town.——Come, my dear
 “Sir,——I must call you brother now.”

While we were sipping our chocolate,
 I was informed that poor Miss THORNTON
 had been very unhappy on my account.

(The

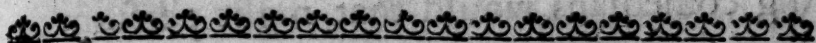
(The mention of her name was a fresh cause of joyful distress) He told me, that my father had quarrelled every day with Aunt BRIDGET, to whose bickerings, he imputed my absconding : “ And “ continued Mr. RACKETT) he gave me “ a strict charge never to see his face “ again, if I did not find you out, and “ bring you down into the country with “ me.” He then informed me, that Parson TAGWELL had married the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, by whom he was already blessed with two children at a birth ; that it was reported she was big again ; and that she promised fair to be as good a breeder as her mother.

But I was impatient to see my sister ; and therefore Mr. RACKETT withdrew to inform her of their unexpected guest. In a few minutes she came running into the room :——“ Where is he ?—O ! where is “ my

“my dear brother?”——I ran to meet her, embraced her, and wept over her, while she fainted in my arms. I believe we should both have sunk upon the floor, had not Mr. RACKETT called a servant to his assistance. They placed the lady in a chair, threw open the sash, and administered a little hartshorn. She recovered, and, looking tenderly towards me, put out her hand;——I kissed it with the greatest ardour; and——she fainted again.

The consequences of such a conflict might have been fatal to my sister; but, thank heaven, through the care and attention of her affectionate husband, in a few hours she was tolerably composed.

She insisted that I should not leave the house; that she would never more lose sight of me; and added, that, as she had now every thing she wanted, with Mr. RACKETT's approbation, we would all leave London in a week. CHAP.



C H A P. XXVII.

The Author returns home, with Mr. Rackett and Sylvia.

MY sister would not suffer me to stir from home, except in the company of her husband ; and therefore, after returning Mr. KELLY's sword by the hands of a servant, paying off my lodgings, packing up my cloaths, and taking leave of some particular friends, I declared myself ready at a moment's notice.

Within the space of a week from our first interview we left the metropolis, and travelled by very easy stages, for fear of any bad consequences befalling by sister ; and on the evening of the third day we arrived at Warwick.

Being informed that a company of strolling comedians would that night perform the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, my sister seemed desirous of seeing the exhibition; and therefore, after a dish of tea, we sallied to the theatre, under convoy of the landlord. This theatre was a barn; and the scenery and decorations were equal, at least, to those of the celebrated Cook and Flockton.

The music thrummed away upon Roast-Beef, Butter'd-Peas, Roger of Calverley, and many other good old tunes; and at length the curtain drew up. When *Romeo* and *Mercutio* appeared, I thought I knew something of their faces; and, on farther examination, I was firmly convinced that they were no other than my very worthy friends *ORESTES* and *PYLADES*, who had so civilly bilked me upon the road to London. I made some trifling excuse, stepped

stepped behind the scenes, and, as soon as they came off the stage, desired to speak with them. "Pray, Sir, (said I) is not your name ORESTES?" "Yes, honey, if you please, (quoth the fellow) I sometimes go by that name; or I am PATRICK MACLOCHLIN, which you will." — "And you, Sir, I think they call you PYLADES?" — "Oh yes, PYLADES, now and then; *alias* TERENCE O'CONNELL, joy."

"And I think I remember that you told me you were Grecians." — "O aye, honey, we are of the kingdom, so we are." — "Of the kingdom! — what kingdom! are you of Epirus, or Macedonia, or —" "O no, joy; — we're of the kingdom of Ireland. PATRICK comes from Cork; and I was born in Dublin itself."

" Well, gentlemen, I cannot say I un-
 " derstand you, but you will give me
 " leave to remind you, that you are a
 " little in my debt, I believe. Perhaps
 " you may remember that I have paid a
 " few turnpikes, and chaises, and bills at
 " the inns upon the London road for
 " you; because, you know, it was most
 " convenient that one person only should
 " pay the way, to prevent confusion;
 " and that the difference might be soon
 " adjusted at the end of the journey."

" Upon my conscience, my dear,
 " (quoth MACLOCHLIN) and are you the
 " gentleman then! in troth and I believe
 " you are, and I am glad to see you.
 " But don't be interrupting the play ho-
 " ney, and we'll settle every thing when it
 " is over."

I with.

Well.

K

I withdrew, took my seat again, and the play went on. The whole was highly ridiculous. Old Capulet, not being worth a pair of breeches, I suppose, appeared in the drawers usually worn in the character of Richard the Third; and instead of a bell, for the solemn dirge, the company had recourse to a neighbouring apothecary, for a large mortar and pestle.

But the last scene was inexpressibly great; Mr. MACLOCHLIN (who performed the part of Romeo) was very lusty; Juliet, a fine crumby pimple-faced lady; Paris, a half-starved journeyman barber. Now they were all supposed to lie dead upon the stage; and when Prince Esculus comes on to tag the play, he, being unfortunately very regardless where he stepped, caused a little confusion.—“Zounds
“and fury! you tread upon my hand

(quoth Paris, loud enough to be heard all over the house). This recalled Romeo to life, — and lady Juliet, who was then lying upon his bosom, kept exact time with him in the up-and-down way, and put me in mind of something I will not name.

My slippery friends, however, forgot their promise; for, as soon as the play was over, they stole sily out of the house by a private door.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXVIII.

The Author's Reception at Home;—and the Conclusion.

BUT to proceed—In the morning we pursued our journey, and reached my father's mansion the following day about noon. We were received, in the hall, by Aunt BRIDGET, who, after almost kissing my eyes out, withdrew with SYLVIA into her bed-chamber.

RACKETT led me towards the parlour, and, stopping me at the door, desired me to wait till he had informed the old man of my return. The door was not shut quite close, so that I could hear all that passed. “What! what! (cry’d my Fa-

K 4

“ther)

“ther) is BOB come back ! is he here !

“—Nay then, Mr. SLEIGH, I'll go on no

“farther ;—you may burn the writings,

“as I did mine,—for BOB shall have her

“after all.”

I then heard a well-known voice utter this ejaculation, “I thank God for
“this deliverance ;—I sincerely thank my
“God !”

I was all in a tremble.—“But where is
“BOB, (cry'd my Father) where is my
“boy ?”—I could stay no longer ; I ran
into the room,—and found my dear Angel
lifeless in the arms of RACKETT.

I administered all the relief in my
power ; and, till she was perfectly recovered from the surprize, paid no attention to any body.——While I was
kneeling before her, and holding a
smelling-

smelling-bottle to her nostrils, Mr. TAGWELL and Farmer BEANFIELD came into the parlour. The ^{parson} farmer had been performing one of the last christian duties to poor BETTY, who had expired only a few minutes before; and who had most solemnly exculpated me from the charge of having seduced her; declaring with her last breath, that Sir PHELM O'FARRELL was the man who had ruined her, and afterwards bribed her to swear the child to me.

This declaration alarmed the whole company. Sir PHELM flew into a rage, and swore he would spit the Parson. But the Farmer, stepping between, said, (in broken and inarticulate accents) “No, “Sir, — since you have destroyed my “daughter, destroy me likewise.—This “Gentleman is innocent, — I am innocent,”

“cent,—all are innocent,—you alone are
“guilty.”

“Insolent fellow! (says Sir PHELM)
“What! am I to be insulted?” —“If
“speaking the truth (replied the Farmer)
“be insult, I will insult you.—Nay, let
“that sword sleep quietly in the scab-
“bard; I fear it not;—this staff shall
“defend me, and God shall give me vic-
“tory.”

But this uproar had raised me upon
my feet again, and I began to look about
me. “Bless my soul, (cry’d I) Mr.
“SMUTT, how came you here! Will there
“be no end of these mysteries!”

“Mr. SMUTT! BOB, (quoth my Father)
“you rave surely!—what SMUTT!—why
“this is Mr. THRIFT, Sir PHELM’s
“steward.”

Sir

“ Sir PHELM’s steward ! (cry’d I) its
 “ all a joke ! why this is my old friend
 “ SMUTT, the bookfeller ;—give me your
 “ hand, Sir, I’m glad to see you with all
 “ my heart ;—you and I have had many
 “ dealings together : — but I believe
 “ they would persuade me I have not my
 “ eye-sight.”

SMUTT seemed confused, and Sir PHE-
 LIM took a turn or two round the room.

“ O, O, (says SLEIGH) I begin to smell
 “ a rat here. Why, what the devil have
 “ we all been about ! Mr. SMUTT the
 “ bookfeller, Sir PHELM O’FARRELL’s
 “ steward ! impossible ! Hark-ye-me, Mr.
 “ SMUTT, explain, explain, Sir, or we’ll
 “ take such measures with you as you
 “ won’t like. — Tell me, Sir, Is there
 “ no fraud in this affair ? — Take care
 “ what

“ what you say, or, as sure as you exist,
 “ you shall both be committed to prison.”

Mr. SMUTT, who, although very rich and haughty, was also very mean and contemptible, at the bare mention of commitment, explained the remainder of the story. “ Sir PHELM O’FARRELL, an Irish
 “ Baronet, (quoth he) mortgaged the
 “ estate specified in the writings upon the
 “ table to me, for eight thousand pounds.
 “ —This gentleman (pointing to the
 “ would-be Baronet) had long the honour
 “ of serving him as a Valet de Chambre;
 “ and, as I thought it might be doing a
 “ service to the young fellow, (upon his
 “ informing me that it was in his power
 “ to marry a fine lady with a large for-
 “ tune) if I only produced his master’s
 “ writings for him, in the character of a
 “ steward; and on his promising, likewise,
 “ to make me a present of a thousand
 “ pounds

“pounds for my trouble, I agreed, and
 “brought my writings down accordingly.”
 “And I assure you, gentlemen, that’s all”
 “I know of the matter.”

“Why that’s all we want to know
 “(cry’d my Father). A pair of pretty
 “scoundrels, truly! — Why how finely
 “we have been gulled here! — Do, gen-
 “tlemen, be so obliging as to walk about
 “your business.”

Sir-PHELM had slipped out of the room
 while SMUTT was making his confession;
 who, after gathering up his writings, took
 himself off also.

POOR BEANFIELD was too full of afflic-
 tion to join with the gay humour of the
 family. He begged my pardon, and said,
 that he hoped God would pardon his
 daughter likewise for the injury she had
 done me, “Well

“Well, well, (said SLEIGH) I am glad
 “we have found out the roguery;—I’m
 “glad we have found it out.—And, for
 “my part, I am for marrying the lady
 “directly.”

“Why, I told you so all along, (said
 “my Father) I told you Bob would have
 “her in spite of your teeth.—Egad,
 “they shall be married as soon as ever
 “the Deed of Settlement can be drawn
 “out. No, no, Mr. SLEIGH, we’ll have
 “no more plague about it.”

My Brother HARRY now came in with
 a parcel of game about his belt. And
 Aunt BRIDGET and SYLVIA followed.
 All were happy. My Father pressed Mr.
 TAGWELL to dine with us; and Miss
 THORNTON and I, till the dinner was
 served up, took a turn or two round the
 garden.

In

In the evening, my Father desired to know how I had lived, during my absence; in what manner I had spent my time; and who had supplied me with money. I answered, that I had lived by writing. “By writing, Sir! (said SLEIGH) “then I suppose you ingrossed for my brother Counsellors of some of the inns of court.”——“No, Sir, (said I) I wrote “as an Author; — I wrote books for the “press, and got plenty of money.”—— “Well done, Bob, (said my Father) well “done, my boy! —— Friend SLEIGH, “make out the settlement as soon as possible, —— they shall be married next “Sunday I am determined. —— Sister “BRIDGET, Miss THORNTON, SYLVIA, “—Mr. SLEIGH, HARRY, Mr. RACKETT, “Here’s a lad for you! a boy that has “lived upon his wits for this year and “a half, and appeared like a gentleman
too!

"too!—But I always said, that, give

"a lad an education, and I'll warrant

"he'll make his way in the world.

"then I suppose you ingrossed for my pro-

"their Commissioners of some of the ins of

"count?—No, Sir! (said Sir John)

"as an Author;—I wrote books for the

"press, and got plenty of money."

"Well done, Bob, (said my Father) well

"done, my dear Sir."

"make out the settlement as soon as pos-

"able;—they shall be married next

"Sunday I am going."

"Bridget, Miss Thornton, Sylvia, &c."

"—Mr. Sherrin, Harry, Mr. Rackett, &c."

"Here's a lad for you! a boy that hasn't

"lived upon his wife for this year and

"a half, and appeared like a gentleman

"too!"

